

MAN

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Junior

OCTOBER, 1948

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MAN Junior

OCTOBER, 1942.

VOLUME XVII, No. 3.

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Published by E. G. Meyer Publishing Company, Inc., 50
Tenth Street, Sydney (Phone 217-2224), and printed by Kermans
Press Pty Ltd, 40 Bourke St., Melbourne. Wholesale Distributors:
Gordon & Breck (Austral) Ltd., Melbourne, and E. G. Meyer & Co., Ltd.,
40 G. Street, Melbourne. General Manager, David T. Smith. Editor:
Albert J. Meyer. Art Department, Rose Hughes & Associates
James Morgan & Associates, Sydney. Walter T. Charles & Associates
John J. Morgan & Associates, Sydney & Perth.
Advertising, Sales & Distribution: J. G. Meyer.
Advertising Representatives: Ralph G. Hinchel, Leonard Hinchel
44 Macquarie St., Melbourne. C. W. Henson, 14 Franklin St., Adelaide.
Joe Mayne, 1500 West 4th St., Los Angeles, California.

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Blonde Trap



ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WICKHAM

By RAYMOND SLATTERY

The lady was lovely—and oh! so ruthless. Remembering her was easy.

I REMEMBERED the blonde from the previous night. She was wearing that vivid green suit again, with the splash of brown at the throat.

"Kilncrease, however, the Cross," she said, slurring the rear door. I pulled the bar and rolled the blonde's coffee-trap.

"Would this be the same old I rode in last night?" the blonde said. I said: "Would you ever forget a

side in this old spirit-bar?"

"Well, no," she said. "I was rather hoping to strike the same old. Did you find my brief-case?"

"Brief-case?" I said politely. "No, did you lose one?"

"Yes," she said.

"But you didn't leave any case in this old, lady?"

I swung the crisis and headed up William Street. She said, "Look, sister, you'd be saving yourself

some bother if you just headed that lead-one over."

"I didn't say anything. What was the use?" I pulled up outside the Keltomacs.

"Wait here," my suspense and cold. "I may want you again."

I watched her go up the steps and through the lighted doorway. In maybe five minutes she came out again. There was a man with her, a well-tailored character who could have passed for leather man in a Coward play. They got in on the back seat, and I said, "Where to?"

"Just park outside," the handsome one said pleasantly. "I just want to talk."

"I know what you're going to say," I told him. "The lady lost her briefcase. Do I drive you anywhere?"

"All right," Sessler said. "I'll direct you as we go."

I poked the old bus through its crowd. We made a couple of turns moving away from the lighted Cross. The character behind me said, "Turn left at the next street."

I was half-way along the side-street when I realized that it was a dead-end. There weren't many lights, and no people.

"Pull up," Sessler said.

I stomped on the brakes. They grabbed in the all-side drums as usual, and my passengers were flung to one side. I tried to jump out, but the faulty catch of my door was weak. Then something exploded in my ear, and I jerked a surprised, sideways look at the blonde. The pistol in her hand was still smoking.

The man sat up and said, "You shouldn't have shot him, lady. Not here." My upper arm was numb, but red trickles were swelling warmly over my hand. Almost instantly, Sessler swung his fat, and the world ended in a blaze of little lights. . . .

It was dark, and my right arm was throbbing. I looked down and saw that my pockets had been smashed.

The only thing missing was my taxi license. I went looking for a police station. I found one, and who should be there chatting with the sergeant but my old pal Missus Helen Mulligan.

"What's this?" the sergeant said. "Another busting? How much did they take off you?"

"One taxi driver's license. They shot me to get it, believe it or not."

I told him all about the bother of the missing brief-case, and the detective began to show keen interest.

"The girl," he looked at eagerly. "Describe her again."

"Blonde," I said. "Light green suit, brown hat and shoes. Kind of thin. Nice legs."

"Come, describe, confidential secretary to Mark Lowlaw," Mulligan said. "We've been looking for her all day. She was occupying place of some new oil country that Lowlaw's experts had surveyed. She was due at Lowlaw's office last night, but never turned up."

Mulligan was thinking hard. He said, "Your precise address is on your driver's license. Let's go."

It shows you what police training will do—I would never have thought of that. We piled into a police car, and I guided the driver to my room at Daringhurst. The room was a mess, my stuff strewn everywhere.

"They made a pretty thorough search," Mulligan said. Then he narrowed his eyes and spat the words from tight lips—"Did they find it?"

"What? Yes, too!" I scowled. "I tell you I never saw that brief-case. I'm sure she had no brief-case on that last trip."

Mulligan screwed up his eyes in thought. He said, "It's curious." Lowlaw visits in his office for his secretary to advise with the plans she'd brought from Britbess. She doesn't turn up, but you say that you took her to the Keltomacs. Twenty-four hours later she boards your cab



"No, but suppose she represents the victory of the United Nations over the forces of evil and oppression. . . . Then we could get away with it!"

again and claims she's lost the plans—which would be in the brief-case. It doesn't make sense. Would a girl who was planning to double-cross her boss be careless enough to lose the very object of the deal?"

I was waiting on a city truck next night, when Mallgren opened the door and slid on to the seat beside me. He said, "I want your whole story again, James. Tell me exactly what happened."

I didn't like the way he called me Jones instead of Jimmy. There was something wrong. I sighed, and told it all over again. When I'd finished, he said, "What happened, Jones? Was the brief-case too hot to hold?"

"What in blazes are you talking about?" I asked.

"Mark Lenlow's been stayed at a city hotel, waiting for his secretary to show up. Today, he went home to his house at Palm Beach. There was a letter waiting for him there. Inside it was a receipt for a brief-case which had been lodged at Central Station. Lenlow returned to town, redressed the brief-case, and found the oil plans intact."

I stared at him, astonished. Then I said, "Well, that's that."

"Except for a couple of minor details," the detective said. "Firstly, the plans could have been copied. Secondly, Carrie Norther is still missing. She disappeared forty-eight hours ago, and you're the only one who's seen her since. Or so you say."

"What are you suggesting?" I said. "So-long, James," Mallgren said bleakly.

He slid from the cab and vanished into the crowd.

A large man wearing baggy clothes and heavy eyebrows boarded the cab and said, "Kalamazoo Mountains, King's Cross."

At the Minutes he said, "Come inside a minute. I've some happenings to pick up and I'll make it worth your

while to give me a hand with it."

We climbed the steps and went into the lobby. I expected we'd go up to the left, but we walked right through to the rear of the building and out of it.

"Boy, what is that?" I said on the back steps. "Where're we going?"

"We all right," the character said. "I only use the Kalamazoo entrance for convenience. That way . . ."

I was stopped in a room under a bright light. Three men and a woman were watching me. One man I didn't know, the others were Smiler and Raggy Clothes. The girl was the blonde who'd shot me, and she was still wearing the green suit.

"To resume where we left off," Smiler said pleasantly. "I want to know what you've done with my lady friend's brief-case."

"You're all crazy!" I cried nervously. "The damned oil plans are in the hands of the rightful owner. I never—"

"Who said anything about oil plans?" the third man roared. "You never saw the brief-case, yet you know what was in it."

He hit me on the mouth. Then that ugly-as-hell blonde took her pistol down somewhere under her dress and very deliberately hit me on the right upper arm.

That did it! I screamed, and savagely locked the girl's legs from under her. She squealed and collapsed, dropping the gun and hurling her arms in spray. I freed for the weapon, just beating Smiler to it. He landed on top of me, but when I dug the barrel into his side he couldn't scramble away quick enough.

I rolled and got to my feet. I covered them all with the pistol. I looked to one of the two doors, wanting only to get out of the place. Trust me to pick the wrong door!

I realized that I'd only backed into another room. I felt for the light



And it comes in these shades. Ah, Ahph, and Ah-bahk!

LUCKLESS LUK



which and checked it. There was a grating, gurgling sound, and I swung round with the gun at the ready. Then I stared, and in that moment of surprise a lot of the pieces of film and prints fell into place.

I took out my pocket-knife and slashed the car from her mouth. She was roped tightly to the bed. She was nothing but flimsy under and stockings. I cut her free, but it was a moment before she could move.

Then the door burst open. The first thing I knew was that Scatter had got a gun from somewhere. The bullet fanned by my neck, and I turned and fired before he could shoot twice. He dropped his gun and sank sprawling to the floor, clashing his shoulder.

The yellow-haired girl had got up from the bed now, and I said, "Pick up that gun, Carrie, and open that cupboard door."

The girl obeyed. Waiting the two guns, we heaved the man into the side-closetted wardrobe and locked them in.

I went out and found the green-skinned blonde still rubbing her bruised skin. I pushed her into the bedroom. I said, "Take off that suit and those shoes and give 'em back to Carrie Northern."

She smothered her eyes at me, but she stripped off, and Carrie got into the suit. She looked beautiful, rumpless and all that she was. I said, "Now tie that baby to the bed, and make it good."

"It'll be a pleasure," Carrie Northern said.

Later, waiting for the police she told me the whole story. She had gone to Brisbane, picked up the postbag's report and plans of prospective oil country surveyed in Northern Australia. She took a train

back to Sydney almost immediately.

Naturally, Lankow would have had his car park her up at Central, but he was without a chauffeur at the moment. She intended taking a taxi to his office, but a city newspaper passed her at the station with instructions to go straight to the Kilmartin Museum as the original arrangements had been altered.

Carrie knew that other parties were interested in finding oil deposits, and decided that it might be a trick to visit the place. As Lankow was waiting on the report and could deal with the plans later, she lodged the ticket, on the return, at Central and posted the ticket to Lankow's private address. That way, she thought, if her boss was at the Kilmartin no harm would be done. She tried to check by phone, failed to note the office number, so took my cab to the Museum as instructed.

There the dog had whisked her

out the back exit and into the building where we now were. Fearing they would kill her for out-smarting them, she had told them that she'd left the brief-case in the cab.

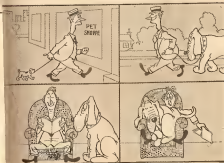
"Just to impress them," she said. "I described the cab—a battered old thing with pink seat-covers and a pug-nosed driver. I'm sorry I misled you all that trouble. Jimmy."

"She fooled me completely," I said. "I remembered the green suit and the blonde hair. I thought I remembered the legs, but now that I've had an unobstructed view of both years and here I can't imagine how I was fooled."

She blushed, but seemed to like it. She said, "If you'd like a better job, my boss needs a chauffeur body."

"Do you travel round with him much?" I said.

"Quite often," she smiled. "Consider me hired," I said.





Bad Men

It began when Coffrey's girl married another man; and it ended when two men were hanged.

CARTNEY was in a bad mood all that day. Penn left him alone. Well alone. They were both of them wild men, afraid of nothing, but they respected each other. Coffrey lay on his bunk, playing harp with one, a mind-bending air of violence about him. Penn walked outside at the sun, and sat down with an old newspaper. Their beloved boat lay rustling in the cove, the sails were drying on the beach. It was a wasted day.

They lived on the Great Barrier Island, at the entrance to Hauraki Gulf, outside Auckland Harbour. Only a few hours distant from Auckland, it might well have been in the mid-Pacific) isolated outpost, blasted by terrible storms, a target for pirates that except its angry swagwags and set its giant forests to howling, guided by seething seas and filled with the bones of wrecked ships.

When Penn finally went inside, Coffrey was sitting on the bed, glowing, a wild fire in his eyes. "Listen, Harry, if you put up and married another man—just like that—what would you do? Man to man, wouldn't you do for 'em?"

Penn roared: "She shouldn't have done that to you, Jack. But it's the old people's fault. They influenced her against you."

"I know they influenced her," shouted Coffrey. "I blame them more than I blame her, but she didn't have to listen to them."



of the Great Barrier

By RUTH BRADSHAW

He called back to his bunk, muttering threats and obscenities. Penn shared his resentment. Old Taylor and his wife had no right burrowing into the affair between their eldest daughter and Coffrey.

What neither man realized was that the girl had felt no real love for Coffrey. It was purely infatuation, an infatuation that stemmed naturally from the repression created by her island existence. All three of old

Taylor's daughters were beautiful but they were starved for love, for amusement, for companionship. When the young fishermen first came to the island, the girls came down like sky angels to tempt them. Soon they were talking happily. Coffrey revealed them and them to have the eldest. Penn had his eye on Lorna, with the full breasts and pouty lips.

The parents said the only son did not take to the newcomers, and the

little screamed: "Harry, he tried to kill me. He tried to push me overboard."

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL FRYAN



girls were advised to have nothing to do with them. They apparently paid no attention. Then the eldest girl and Coffey became engaged. And now she was married to another. And it was the parents' fault. They had mismanaged the marriage to save the girl from the mistakes they thought she was about to make.

A month later, Penn walked up to the hut with his arm around the 30-year-old Linda. "Hello, sweetheart," she said to Coffey.

"What's coming with us, Jack," pressed Penn. "They won't be marrying this Linda off behind my back."

They left the Great Barrier next morning for Auckland with their load of fish. Now the girl tasted her glorious freedom in the South. She lived riotously. From a friend, Penn had borrowed the use of a cutter called Sovereign of the Seas. On board he and his woman lived together for a week.

Coffey bawled with jealousy. Working there, however to them, he suffered all the more the torment of his defeat. He should be doing the same thing with the girl of his choice. He called Penn aside and suggested his plan. Penn agreed.

Their first necessity was to get possession of the Sovereign of the Seas. They did this simply by pinning it. They procured it for a loan, hard wages, and sailed out of Auckland Harbour.

Linda was delighted when Penn told her it was their run to travel over the Pacific to South America. Out on the open sea, she wanted to know why they were steering a course towards Great Barrier Island.

Coffey told her bluntly "Your man is coming with us."

Linda was taken aback. Then she said "But Jack, we won't come. He's married, and you'll never be able to talk her into it."

"What makes you think I'm going to talk her into it?" said Coffey.

Leaving Linda on board, they made their way towards the old settler's house. Everybody there had been horrified when at first the suspicion, then the truth, had burst upon them that Linda had gone with the two young fishermen to Auckland. They were convinced she had been abducted, refusing to consider that she had consented to the flight. Something of the line of kidnapping must have been in the minds of the two remaining girls too, having caught the man approaching, they hid themselves.

The old man came to the door and walked towards them. "What have you done with Linda?" he said.

"Where's the girl?" returned Coffey, in a low voice.

Mrs. Taylor came to the door, then her son.

"You'll get no information from me," snarled the old man.

It was all over very quickly. Penn went on talking, threatened the old man, who was angrily silent. Coffey meanwhile snarled around him, levelled his gun, and shot Taylor through the head. Mrs. Taylor gave a screaming scream. The boy stood frozen in horror. The terrible drama left the two girls unharmed. Without a glance at the dead man lying in a pool of blood, they left.

Neither of them said anything to Linda until they were out on the open sea. Then Penn remarked and "We had to kill your father."

The girl was shocked. She went into a dumb silence. Then she cried hysterically.

Coffey snarled. "For God's sake, Harry, shut her up."

"Take me back. Put me where I please." Take me back."

"We can't do that." Penn was firm with her, and she saw no mercy in his face.

"But what'll happen to us?" she asked.



"I don't see why you're all mad because I bought four cards to my ten of hearts for a royal routine!"

(Please turn to page 12)

"We plan to get married as soon as he asks me."



"Don't fret about that," said Penn. "We'll never be heard of again in New Zealand. We'll start a new life in South America."

They dived over a cabled sea. Everything should have been great all right. But Coffey was mad. And Penn was working to soothe his girlfriend's distress.

A few days later Coffey took Penn aside, and said to him: "Harry, I'm afraid she's going to spit on us. Dead men tell no tales, you know."

Penn was horrified, then he shot her. "You're mad!"

"He'll be quick," Coffey persisted. "Just one shot, and dump her overboard. Who'd know?"

"If you touch Linnie," roared Penn. "I'll kill you!"

They left it at that, but Penn took no chances. He commissioned his fear to Linnie. They took turns in watching while the other slept.

Terrible storms drove up from the east. In one of them Penn lost sight of Linnie. Her watch broke over the vessel. Her decks were swash. She pitched and buckled in the stormy sea, hurtling into the troughs, lifting on the crests.

Penn called her name. He peered down into the cabin. And she was there. And with her was Coffey. When she saw Penn, Linnie screamed: "Harry, he tried to kill me. He tried to push me overboard."

"You're a liar," shouted Coffey. "The worst traitor in the world. She would have gone, only I dangled her back."

"You didn't dangle. You pushed. You pushed," shrieked Linnie.

Penn walked for no more. He sat on the floor, looking into Coffey's face. Coffey crashed like a bullock, and lay like a dead man.

The woman around them was stronger after that. It seemed only when, after another storm, the boat sprung a leak, and a corner for their life rolled up the rift temporarily. Coffey, realizing they could not make

America, said the only hope for them lay in turning the boat and attempting to reach Australia.

Three weeks later, after a terrible ordeal against billowing seas and frightening gales, they landed on the coast of N.S.W., where, to hide their traces, they mutilated the boat. The tempers of the men drove them at each other's throats, and after a furious quarrel they parted. Coffey went off on his own, Penn and the girl stayed together.

Meanwhile the crime had been published in New Zealand, and the police of South America and Australia were requested to watch for the criminals. Coffey was arrested in N.S.W. only a short while before Penn and the girl. The day they embarked was a red-letter day for Sydney. Crowds gathered to see them, curiously climbing on to the roofs of wharf buildings and stationing themselves in the rigging of ships.

At the trial, along with Mrs. Taylor and her son, Linnie gave evidence. Coffey and Penn blamed each other; they accused argued persuasively and powerfully for their lives. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

Judge Ward said: "You denied your escape twice, for the head of your vessel left no trace that human eye could follow, but you forget that the way of God is on the sea, and his path on the great waters, and his word the storm. A wind some which drove you westward to Australia, from whence you have been brought hither to meet your doom."

The day before their execution, February 21, 1907, Coffey and Penn made full confessions. They went to the scaffold knowing that Mrs. Taylor at least held no animosity for them, since she had written to them in jail: "You have done me a cruel wrong in killing my husband, and it is hard for me, but I forgive you."



"Captain Henry Worthington. Secret Intelligence?"

THE BIG BLOW

An escaped convict—and a storm—were the weapons she used against a husband she hated.

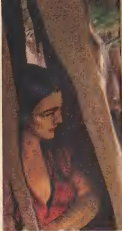
★ By **BAMON HILLS**

I SAW the tree when I broke through the undergrowth, sweating and dripping at my breath like a consumptive.

It reared into the sky—a dead tower of wood. A lightning flash had scored a great gaping path in its lee to the ground. Inside a huge hollow space—big enough to house a platoon of soldiers. I stumbled across to the tree and sprawled through the narrow opening. Inside it was dry and warm. I fell upon the dry bed of chips that had piled up inside the hollow and slept.

When I woke it had stopped raining. Outside it was nearly dark. The cold wind was still moaning. Inside the tree it was warm and dark. I sat to my feet slowly. I felt better. Lighten months of prison had stripped the once thick flesh off me and given me a lean, hard body in exchange. It had served me better in my escape, but it didn't hold out the cold so well.

Suddenly a voice roared outside. I sprang with sudden fright, and crept back further into the tree.



ILLUSTRATED BY JACK HAYDON

"Flee, you long neck—get the wood for the first five barriers you turned out to be! Get a move on, you worthless bitch!"

A woman's voice answered wildly. There came the sound of something thrown, crashing against what sounded like a wall. Roared curses followed, and then the sound of running footsteps. Fast, dying light was coming through a crack in the tree level with my head. I peered through it.

There was a small clearing just past



The wife ran back and found the door of her old home barred from within before the wind struck against it.

a few trees beyond the big one I was sheltering in. A heavy horse passed to one side of it. A gypsy caravan with a small street-sign rearing up from one end of it was pulled in on the opposite side. A light inside the caravan showed for a moment the bulk of a man's shadow against a curtained window.

The figure of a girl, head down, muttering wildly, was coming away from the caravan and heading toward the tree.

I crawled back in the tree. I

thought of all the dry steps in there. My hand groping, found a long, gnarled piece of wood. I took it up slowly and crept back further back.

The girl's footsteps came to the tree. Her form blocked out the light coming through the split in the hollow she squirmed through. As she did I grabbed her. My hand went over her mouth like a vise. At first she was too shocked to struggle. Then she started slowly to kick and punch at me. In our struggle she took me forward into the dying light.

The light fell across my blond, curling hair, the eyes that the prison governor had shook his head over and sold belonged to a poet, and the nose an artist visitor had said made him want to paint me.

She stopped struggling. I could feel her suddenly warm and soft and heavy in my arms. The gray kerchief had slipped off her head. Her hair trailed downwards, black and heavy. I ran one hand through it, gaspingly. Her blouse had been pushed aside. An olive-tinted breast pushed its way out, heavy firm, high-sloped.

She ran the tips of her fingers gently across my cheek. Her eyes had a hungry look. I bent my face down until my lips met hers.

"True—True—where are you?" The voice roared from the caravan. She put her hands against my chest and reluctantly pushed me away from her.

Her voice was low and clear. She said, "I'll bring you food—later." She squeezed out through the split in the tree. I lay there, the blood running through me like fire, the surface of her flesh still tingling against mine.

When I woke, her hand was over my mouth so I would not cry out. She whispered in my ear, "He's asleep. I've brought food."

I sat up and ate. I could feel her near me in the darkness. When I had eaten I reached out for her. Later, when our hearts had stopped their reckless hammering and again taken up their steady beat, her warm, full lips said against my ear, "He Leon knew I was here he'd drive a knife into me."

I said, "He is your husband?" She said, "Yes. I was betrothed to him, so is our way, when I was a child. He cannot beat men so he beats me. He cannot do it to men because he has no legs—only twisted bones.

He throws his crutches at me. He beats me with them." She said, "Why were you in prison?"

I said, "I robbed a warehouse. I beat the nightwatchman."

She leaned back from me. Her eyes glowed like a tiger's over its kill. She said, "Beat Leon for me. Beat him until the rest of his body is like his legs—twisted, useless."

She pressed her mouth savagely against mine. The nails of her fingers, clatching my shoulders, bit into the flesh. She said, "I'll come again tomorrow." I slept usually . . .

To-morrow came. The day was still. There was something big coming in the weather. The air put its arms around you and pressed tight. The day darkened early. I saw her moving through the crack in the tree. He did not come out of the caravan, but I heard him cowering and throwing his crutches.

Towards the evening she took the heavy basin and led him away. I guessed she was acting on the man's orders and taking the basin to better shelter from the thing that the weather was brewing up.

It kept getting darker. Darker and darker. Not the dark of night, but the dark of something grim and terrible in the weather. Slowly the air that had been as still as death all day began to stir. A chill came into it. It started to move about you like the cold fingers of death.

Then somewhere away back in the darkness a sound started up. It was a long wailing noise, like the distant sobbing of a lost child. I knew what it meant, and I crouched down deeper in the tree.

Suddenly over by the caravan the girl leapt out. She stood there and began to throw stones back into the caravan. Her voice rose and fell in a passionate storm of cursing.

The man's voice roared back through the doorway. There came



"Oh I know it I was taking a bath and . . ."

the thumping sound of movement from inside the curtain. All of a sudden the man's form appeared on the doorway—a giant, misshapen thing, legs bent around the crutches. With swelling eyelids he leapt after the girl. She ran from him, still cursing him. He roared, and chased after her—swinging his body along with the crutches like an ape through the branches of a tree. She drew further from him. He cursed and threw a crutch at her. She grasped it up and ran back at him. She hit the other crutch from under his arm. He sprawled on the ground. She grabbed up the other crutch and ran towards me and the tree.

Back on the ground the man looked up at the sky. He roared at her, cursing her, telling her to come back. She ran on. It was getting darker. He began to shriek—a scream-to beg her in a high, shrill voice.

She reached the tree. She squealed through to me, bracelets jangling. She could not speak, but her eyes were glittering like a tiger's and she held the crutches out at me with shaking hands.

I looked through the crack in the tree at the man. He was looking up from the ground into the face of the thing that was nearly on him. His face was stark with death-smothered fear. I went to go out of the tree to him but the girl laid at me with her hands. Her nails ripped my feet and chest. When I had beaten her off the thing had hit us.

The sound of it was like all the seas of the world rushing together to meet in one great ocean bed.

The tree quivered and shook as the great balls of white frosted ice driven before the wind crashed against it. The darkness was lit up every few seconds by a keening flare of lightning. The rain lashed everything like a thousand-throated whip,

the spray of it dashing through the crack in the tree like a fireman's hose being played through it.

It was as if we were crouched under the side of a bursting dam. We huddled together, clatching one another frenziedly. We were two fragments of humanity cowering before the wrath of nature.

It passed as quickly as it had come—racing on into the night, an immense mad whirl on further mad destruction elsewhere. Deafened, aching, battered, blinded, exhausted we slept.

When I woke, the girl was standing up, looking through the crack in the tree. She turned to me. She was smiling, her black eyes glittering. She held out her hand. She said, "Come."

I went out of the tree with her. The great balls of ice were piled everywhere, monolithic trees torn down by the fury of the wind. Nine out of every ten trees had been flung to the earth like weeds plucked from a garden-bed. We plunged knee-deep through water.

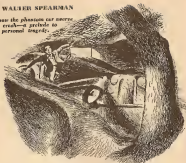
She led me to where birds had been screaming for his crutches. There was a mound of had there. She fell to her knees and crawled it aside. His body came into view. His hands were clasped around his head, but they had not done much good. Balls of had had been hammered into his skull like huge round nails. The blood had frozen around the edges of these in uneven red lines. She glared over him. She had the crutches with her. She started to beat him with them. When she had finished she threw them aside, pointing. She said, "I'll get the horse." When she'd gone I scrambled across the clearing, back past the big tree, and back the way I had come the first day. When I heard her voice in the distance telling me, I ran harder.



"And let's not lose any further credits on the application of mechanical advantages of the two rotative motion of a second contrivance which was designed with a back-slash to destroy."

By WALTER SPEARMAN

He saw the phantom car emerge and crash—a prototype to his personal tragedy.



The man with Second sight

THE recent strange experience of Mrs. Nellie Leatherland, wife of a Northampton farmer, recalls an even stranger and more tragic experience that befell a Hungarian in Budapest in the late twenties of this century.

On the bottom of a metal bucket she had brought five months before, Nellie Leatherland had also seen the face of a man, that of her dead

brother, Robert Fomati. When psychic experts took an interest, they arranged photographs with seances, dumped the bucket, and sprayed it with soda. Their conclusion was that Nellie Leatherland was not the victim of hallucinations.

When Mrs. Leatherland stated her belief that the face was fading T. Hardison Scott, president of the Northampton Psychic Society, shook

his head and told her that the seance was even clearer after he had scoured the bucket with a wire brush and powder. As well as the expression of a man's face, he said he also saw the shape of a horse.

This has some significance when it is realized that the dead man, Fomati, was a circus showman.

Such an experience will naturally meet with some, great interest, incredulity, and belief. Perhaps the safest course is clear with regard to psychic phenomena is a middle one—that of the skeptic, who prefers to leave the issue open until convincing scientific proof verifies it as fact. This must seriously apply in the case of George Krings; his story reads more strangely than word fading; it could be the plot of an such wonder of modern tales.

Krings was a small dapper man, a connoisseur of breeding and culture, living as a beguist made by his wealthy father. He was one of the lions of Hungarian society, as noted for his trenchant wit, his jaunty attire, as much as for his dalliance with women. He was sought often to be present at society functions, and match-making mothers with debutante daughters were constantly pressing him for his attentions.

Krings was a hard liver, strictly devoted to saving Mamon, and occupied himself in all the joys of decadent existence. He stirred up excitement against him among the many moderate and deeply religious who agreed with him. He had a brilliant gift for logical analysis. He had also been in hot water with not a few husbands whose wives had been charmed by his spells, and who had laid their virtues at his feet.

On a warm moonlit night he had been invited to a dinner given by one of the famous hostesses in a wealthy part of the town. With the

aid of his valet, Krings put the finishing touches to his dressing. His monocle was waxed to perfection. His hair was parted back like Napoleon. He was dressed like a Frenchman, and, like Frenchmen, having dressed to the best of his ability he forgot himself. Only the little puff under his eyes betrayed his chocolate living.

He went out to the garage, and brought out his car. He was looking forward to the drive, with the fragrance from the garden filling the air.

Krings had about five miles to go. He steered the car down the drive, on to the quiet road, and got on his way.

He had not gone two miles when he felt a cold restraining emotion on his breast. Thinking himself about to faint, he eased the car on to the side of the road and slowed up. Then he vision cleared with an unexpected suddenness, and a hundred yards down the road he saw an oncoming car swerve cruelly, bounce on to the grass, and crash into a tree.

The shattering sound was clear in his ears.

He stopped his own car, and shut off the motor. Horrified, expecting to have acrossed the automobile of wheels, any movement of the column, he stepped out on to the road. His brain was flying again, and he staggered. But as before it cleared rapidly, and he hurried towards the scene of the accident.

The surrounding moonlight was bright, but the trees and thick dotted shadows, and he was not unobserved when, as he went towards it, he could not pick out the bulk of the broken car.

He was astonished only when on reaching the scene there was nothing to be found. Nothing but eyes staring by the overwhelming foliage, with a soft whinger of wind in the trees and the crisp sound of his own feet on the grass. No sign of a car.

Krings was considerably shaken. His brain was now as clear as crystal. He could not have imagined it. First, though he had felt the whole vista had been presented to his gaze—the car and all the circumambient scenery. The scenery was still there, everything was there except the car. Was it possible that he had seen a phantom? His rigid materialist mind recoiled this idea. But then he had heard the sound of the smash—the screeching thud as it hit the tree, the rattling and grinding of torn metal.

It must have been a hallucination. Then thought, when he would admit no other of a psychic or supernatural colour, strengthened in his mind, particularly in association with the swimming head and the faint feeling he had experienced just prior to it.

He went back to his car and drove on. His friend, Joseph Singetwary whom he had to pick up, was waiting for him at the side of his house. Singetwary was a young man, well-off, one of the second aristocrats; he did nothing for a living except love. He greeted Krings with great amiability, settled himself in beside his friend, and then, turning with a smile to Krings drew up short in his speech to exclaim: "My dear fellow, whatever is the matter?"

"The matter?" asked Krings with a slight rattle of pose.

"Your face!"

"What is the matter with my face?"

"It's as pale. Have you been ill?" Singetwary was stoned.

Krings was about to tell him the reason for his disturbed feelings, but realised that it would serve no end except to fill Singetwary's mind with gossip, which he would retail to the pleasure of the company. After all, it would have its point, a very apt point. George Krings, the pronounced atheist of all that was other-worldly; the materialist conceiver of all that savoured of spirituality; and

here he was involved in an experience which smacked of the psychic. Even if it had been a reality fostered by his sudden swoon, Krings knew that there were people who would explain that very swoon as an action set of the mind but of the soul, in which he did not believe.

No, it was too embarrassing to mention.

"Are you sure you're well?" persisted Singetwary.

"Perfectly," added Krings. "If you must know, I almost knocked down an old peasant back there."

Singetwary sighed. "I thought you'd had a scare of some sort. It's written all over your face."

"Well," retorted Krings. "Allow it to demonstrate that the face of man is an inevitable tale-bearer, and let it be at that."

Believed, Singetwary began to chatter briefly of Madame Maria Paltzer, who was to be their hostess tonight. "You know her well, George?" he asked.

"Tolerably," smiled Krings.

"She is the most charming woman in Budapest, but she is so virtuous it is impossible to wean her away from her husband, even though his business fortunately takes him away to reach."

"No woman is beyond the conquest of man," apostrophized Krings.

"The master speaks," grinned Singetwary, respectfully.

By the time they had reached the house, Krings had subverted the unpleasant episode on the road, and as he went into the brightly lighted salon he became his native self, greeted by the hostess and surrounded by beautiful women and idle, brilliant men. Men more tall from his legs to make the company laugh; he assigned situations with a snap, described people far ill or good with a style of refined wit.

Maria Paltzer, with a figure like a reed, draped in scarlet, her blue blouse laid in coils on her head,



"You look into her eyes . . . you come on eyebrows. Then we go to the next scene . . . the canoe is upset and you're both dressing water . . ."

looked wildly at him and with the others listened dumbly to his talk.

Someone said to him: "Tell us, Mr. Krings, what do you think of the most important current affair?"

"The human race," shot back Krings.

The company laughed and stopped. Another voice said: "Do you really think so, old man?"

"If the human race," said Krings, "is not a current affair, then at least it is a recurrent one."

He was in his best mood, with an appreciative audience to incense it.

It was when they went into the dining room that Krings changed. He was sitting about three chairs from Marie Pullman, who presided at the end of the table. Suddenly, in the midst of a sentence, his voice died away, and he stared at the hostess with a look of horrified astonishment. There was silence for a few moments. Marie Pullman saw his blank, rigid stare looked startled, then smiled: "What's wrong, Mr. Krings?"

The words seemed to shake Krings out of his preoccupation. He smiled and apologized, saying something about the ability of extreme beauty to magnetize.

People went on eating and talking and laughing. But Krings was silent. Various questions addressed to him seemed to go unheard until a sudge or a tug at his coat sleeve caused him to recollect himself. He could not drag his eyes away from the face of the woman, Marie Pullman. He hesitated at anything.

Now and then he would start forward as though to speak to her, then collapse in his chair. People were beginning to notice his behavior, and asked him sympathetically if he were well. Regetwary looked considerably annoyed with him. He could not understand the strange behavior of his friend. They were entirely alien to Krings. What pained him most was Krings's face, the dead white

stared look, the spasms of horror in his flushing capricious, the dark rueful eyes.

Dinner passed, and they were leaving the dining room, when Regetwary caught Krings's sleeve and drew him into a corner. "Whatever's wrong with you, George? People are beginning to think you're either drunk or mad."

"Regetwary," said Krings, "I beg you not to ask me what it is but I must leave at once."

"But," protested Regetwary, "the party hasn't started yet."

"No, Joseph, I must go. I've got to get out of this."

Regetwary saw that it was no use. He was annoyed and disappointed.

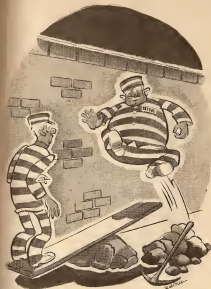
"Very well, then. But at least apologize to Madame Pullman and bid her good-bye."

Krings was now losing all his self-possession; sweat stood out on his forehead. "No, no!" he cried. "I must get away from here. This instant!" With that he charged away. Regetwary was staggered and electrified.

Krings rushed out in a cold sweat of horror and spang into his car. His body was shaking, and he heard himself muttering: "He spun the wheel, scoted down the road. How could he explain it? Did he have second sight? What did it mean? He asked himself these questions while all the time the image he had seen without warning as they sat down to dinner back at the house. Standing behind her, Marie Pullman, Krings had seen a devil. It was at the back of her chair, a horrible sight, just standing there, watching her every movement; its lips sliding into a grin whenever the woman took up a knife, and the grin distorting as it made a murderous gesture with its hand, drawing it across its throat.

Krings would never forget it. And he feared. He feared it was an omen.

(Please turn to page 34)



"If this works we'll go on the stage!"





HYSTERIC HISTORICS

With Sturt down the Darling

believing frightful terror to himself. The car gathered speed. His mind was in a flurry of mystery and doubt, first the phantom creak, and then the devil. Nothing had ever paralleled them in his experience. Why should they happen to him?

He increased the speed of the car, flying madly away from he knew not what.

In a sudden impulse of sanity he realized that the car was leaving the road, was bumping over the ground, there was a great-pitched tree rushing up to meet it; and as he screamed, flung himself sideways, blinding his eyes with his hands, he knew that this was the spot where he had seen the screaming car, where he had seen the crash, and he knew that he had foreseen his own disaster.

He knew nothing more—nothing more until he awoke out of a coma. There were lights and voices, and he

was in a hospital room. Surgeons were sitting beside him, wondering something about being so disturbed at his behavior that he followed him, and found him unconscious in the wrecked car.

"I thought you were dead, and ran for help," said Sturtvery.

By degrees he learned that he had been five days lying unconscious in hospital, and that his charming hostess, Maria Polkova, had cut her throat when the news of his supposed death had been announced by Sturtvery. Nobody knew why.

George Kropki told he had been her lover.

Months later, when he was well again, he told Sturtvery the whole story, and Sturtvery has recorded it in a little book, translated under the title, *Nights and Days of a Gentleman*.

Form Reversal...

One of the most remarkable records in boxing is that of Bushy Bill Squares, Australian heavyweight champion of the early 1900's. Until Squares came on the scene, the glumest boy of the period was Peter Felix. Squares knocked him out on three occasions—and ran up a sequence of knockout victories that was truly amazing. In Australia, he fought 11 times, and not one match went the limit. Few of them, in fact, lasted more than 19 rounds.

With this reputation behind him, Squares journeyed to the United States. He was matched with Tommy Burns, and was knocked out in the first round.

From then on, Squares continued to take part in bays matches—but the difference now was that the Australian was almost invariably on the receiving end. In eight subsequent fights, Squares was beaten on seven occasions, and his only win was over a man billed as the champion of Ireland.

Thus, out of his 25 fights went the distance. At the close of his career, his record read 18 wins by knockout and eight losses by the same route!

RUN up the Union Jack," said Sturt to his friend, George Mackey.

Luckily, Mackey was wearing sea-boots and was able to clamber if set out, up the flagpole without much difficulty.

"What's the idea?" he said when he came down.

"We've discovered the Darling," said Sturt.

"In good good?"

"Good enough. This river flows into the Hume River, and the Hume River is practically in Victoria, and Melbourne is in Victoria. What's today?"

"Tuesday."

"The month?"

"November."

"What Tuesday?"

"The second one."

"Then," said Sturt, "let's get on!"

"What for?" asked Mackey.

"I've drawn a starter in the Cup." Mackey set down and looked dubious.

"Fifty-fifty," he said stubbornly.

Sturt sat down also, and glared at his friend.

"This," he said, "is a race hardly do. I let you in on the expedition, bring you all this distance, and stop out from being eaten by the sharks. And what happens?"

"What?" asked Mackey, interestedly.

"You stand over me. Why don't you get a ticket in Tatts yourself?"

"Did. Got a blank, but."

Suddenly Sturt started up. Through the mist of the morning was emerging slowly shapes. They were var-

reduced by blacks? Sturt, however, man, approached them fearfully.

"What's that queer clicking noise?" said Mackey. "It sounds like geyser carbons."

Sturt replied, "My teeth are!" and continued towards the blacks.

"You talk like a plucky tars!" he said placidly.

"No tobacco!" responded one of the aborigines. "You gotten Chesterfield, or Philip Morris?"

"No. Only tobacco."

"You sellen Camels on black?" The aborigines' voice was extended.

"No sellen. White falls has plucky heavy, get in Melbourne. You letten go?"

"Letten go."

Mack relieved Sturt and Mackey continued their journey until at last they came to Melbourne. The city was deserted.

"What's today?" said Sturt.

"I told you, Tuesday," said Mackey.

"The second one in November?"

"Yes."

"What year?"

"Eighteen hundred and twenty-four."

Sturt, becoming very angry, threw his hat on the ground.

"A lousy trick, that's what it is. Now we've got to wait till 1921—and what a hell of a place Melbourne is to spend all these years at!"

"What've we got to wait for?"

Sturt looked at him with a pained expression.

"What do you think, mag? The first Melbourne Cup we're being run all then."



WINGS OF THE SNOWBIRD

Georgia

Camera Art

36 MAN JUNIOR, October, 1960.



Ford

BRAVE NEW WORLD

MAN JUNIOR, October, 1960. 37



MALE TRIUMPHANT

Feeder



HANDS OF THE POTTER

Feeder



PEACEFUL ANCHORAGE

Bassett



CONCERTINA MAN

Fisher



STUDY BY EVERARD

Versatile Lake has the smallest waist in Hollywood. It measures only 26½ inches—54½ inches less than the average film star's. Only one other film star has had as narrow a waist. In her heyday, Mary Pickford had the same measurement.

The "Pied Piper of Stoogeopolis," as the nickname the people of Carly, Northern, England, have given to Mr. J. W. Horwood, who turns rats to destruction with an imitation of their mating call on a reed-pipe.

Amnesia families will soon be confronted with square eggs at their breakfast table. A Massachusetts inventor has designed a plastic cube to hold the inside of the egg. Machinery breaks the shell, pours the contents into the cube and makes it air-tight. The square egg saves packing space and is unbreakable.

The first School of Cricket in India has been established by R.H. The Maharajah of Purbunder.

The glove industry in Paris has announced the creation of a two-headed glove designed for holding hands in daily picture theatres.

The latest automatic computer or "mathematical brain" is one is known as the Eniac. It does 20,000 man-hours of actual work in two hours.

Charles O. Hensley, Jr., an American biologist thought he was seeing things when on one of Canada's furthest-north islands, a rabbit rose up on its hind feet in front of him and ran like a man. On his return to U.S., Hensley visited scientific libraries, and found the rabbit man's strange behavior recorded in print.

Engineers and geologists say that by 2500 A.D., the Niagara Falls will no longer exist, because the Niagara river will become a gigantic whirlpool higher up in Lake Erie. The Falls are continually retreating leaving behind them a canyon seven miles long and 200 feet deep.

Seventeen-year-old Peter van Jaarsveld in Southern Rhodesia is able to "tame" underground streams, as well as gold and diamonds, through rock without even a dressing rod. Peter has signed a contract with a mining syndicate in Johannesburg to prospect for gold and diamonds.



MURDER

shows its face

GENERAL

By JACK BRADLEY

He had the face of an angel and the heart of a murderer—a dangerous combination.

HE had first discovered his face when he was ten years old. He had stolen a watch belonging to a classmate and everybody in the class had been suspected except himself. That night, after he had hidden the watch under a pile of toys in his closet, he had gone to the mirror and looked at his face.

It was the face of an angel.

"Gee!" he had exclaimed, "Nobody in the world would believe a punk with a face like that could be crooked."

When he had left home, he had gone to the underworld as naturally as an alcoholic drifting to the nearest bar. Then an old-timer in the racket had given him the tip that had changed his life.

"Get away from the tough stuff and stay away from it, kid. A guy with a face like yours could go to the top in a strictly legitimate racket. Look, I'm giving you the address of a friend of mine in Melbourne." She calls herself Madame Zane, and she's only a small-time bird-rocker, but she can give you a start.

Madame Zane had given him a start all right. In two years he was one of the best cat-roaders in the

racket. But he was not satisfied. The hit dough, he began to realize, was in a course of lessons, where you could get a whole row of lessons in a class.

So, he had launched the Stephen Warner School for the Development of the Inner Personality, and it had been a success from the start. Warren saw that smooth, open face, heard that gently booming voice and came back with their friends.

Then he had started giving lessons by mail. The roomy began to pour in. And every one of those requests brought back a series of lessons with Stephen Warner's photo at the top of the first page.

Every small town in the country had someone who owned Stephen Warner's photo as a course of lessons. And, for every one who owned a photo as those lessons there were thousands who had seen it in newspapers, magazines, and on billboards.

Warner jerked his head up wildly. He had been nodding, and the hat on his head had slipped over until it was just inches from the edge of the road. He pulled it back to safety and groaned.



"I'm willing to give you this for its operation if you want to do it. I risk you know what I mean."

ILLUSTRATED BY GERARD LANIS



"They don't know the well dishes like they used to."

of it was a blurry nightmare of stumbling over rocks and fallen logs through the thick woods until, some later, he saw a rough shack looming up before him. Then there was a rough bed and he was snoring loudly at that. That was the last thing he remembered.

When he awoke, he was in bed, and his face and hands had been bandaged. Warner turned his head weakly and saw the bearded man sitting beside the bed.

"What happened?" he asked.

The old fellow turned and deliberately spat tobacco juice through an open window. "Well," he said, "you come 'round that curve like a bat out of hell and crashed smack into a tree. I just happened to be there, and I ran down to the road and pulled you out. I saw you burned to death. Shore had a time getting you here to my place, too. Then I went out and met old Doc Winters and he fixed you up fine."

"Did—the doctor know who I was?"

"Nops, not at first. Then he looked at your driver's license and found your name. Said he'd ask you how to get in touch with your folks when he came back tomorrow."

Warner's brain was racing madly. A hack doctor who hadn't recognized him. It was absolutely perfect. The driver's license in his pocket bore a phony name, of course—he had earned it for years for just such an emergency as this. And, for the same reason, he was carrying nearly \$1000, in a secret compartment in his wallet. If his hack doctor would only listen to reason.

"Tell you what, old-fellow," he said slowly. "I may have to stay here for a while, until the doctor gets through with me. But I'll pay you \$1 a day for the time I'm here. But I want you to understand one thing. You're not to mention my being here to anyone."

You see, I'm a—sort of government man."

The old man nodded eagerly.

"Fine. And, as soon as the doctor comes tomorrow, I want you to take a walk for a few minutes. Something I want to say to the doctor." Warner's brain was hot with excitement. Once he was free of that hideous-looking face of his, he could make his way back to the city, where he had the bulk of his money in a bank, under another name.

Dr. Winters came a little before noon the next day, and Warner waited anxiously while he fiddled with bandages. The doctor was a shrewd, body-eyed little man, almost as unswayed as his host. When he had replaced the bandages, Warner recalled the old mountaineer to bed, drove, then pulled out his wallet from beneath his pillow. From it he took \$100. He held it up before the doctor.

"I want a little operation done on my face, Doctor," he said slowly. "I want it fixed so I'll look different. And I'm willing to give you this for the operation if you want to do it. I think you know what I mean."

The doctor's body eyes lightened with excitement as he looked at the notes. "I reckon I could fix you up, sir. It wouldn't be much of an operation."

Warner said curtly, "I want the operation done right here, in this cabin. And nobody with you except the old-timer. I have my reasons."

The doctor started to protest. Then he glanced again at the notes and slowly nodded his head.

The long days dragged by interminably. The operation, Dr. Winters assured him, had been a success, but it would be some time before the bandages could be removed.

Just before the operation had started, Dr. Winters had swung up a small mirror and snapped a picture of him.



"Never saw anyone so finicky! It's your shoe, isn't it?"

face. It had happened so quickly that Warner had not had time to stop him.

"What's the idea of that?" he growled.

The doctor had looked at him in surprise. "Why, because I want you to see the difference in your face now and when I'm through with it," he said blandly. "Don't worry, I won't show the picture to anybody."

Stephen Warner had wanted to protest but had thought better of it. A day or two more, and he could be on his way back to the city and his money. And then . . . He waited anxiously while the old doctor laid a cheap hand mirror on the bed beside him and leisurely started to remove the bandages. When the last one was removed, Dr. Winston stood back and looked at him with satisfaction.

"Hmmm. Not bad," he remarked matterly. "Not bad at all. No, sir; I bet one of them high-priced city specialists couldn't do a better job. No, sir!"

Warner snatched up the mirror with hands that were shaking like leaves. He held it before his face and almost choked aloud in his surprise. Why, the damn old fool had not done one thing to his face! No, that was not quite true. The lines the sculpt had cut were still new and there was a large patch of his face that was a slightly different shade than the rest. But the features were still the same.

"Boy!" Dr. Winston's voice was suddenly cold and sharp. "Ain't I seen you somewhere before?"

Warner looked up quickly. The old doctor was standing before him peering intently at his face. Back of him, the bearded mountaineer was leaning forward.

"Why, sure I have," the doctor went on curiously. "You're that fellow that runs that phony school down South

The same fellow that killed them two people."

Warner looked the mirror straight at the old man, then turned around and watched the old man under his pillow. The red face was before him again and he slowly raised the bed quilt, started to squeeze the trigger.

There was a blinding roar from across the cabin, and he saw the bed run leap from his head, felt his whole arm go numb. He looked around dully. The bearded mountaineer was standing out in the middle of the room, a rifle in his hand and another was curling up lazily from the mantle.

"I thought that all a day was too good to be true," the old fellow said sadly. "Heck, you can hold him here while I go over and get the police. Doc?"

"Don't see why not," Dr. Winston replied absently. Suddenly he threw back his head and began laughing.

"I got it all figured out now," he gasped, between howls of laughter. "Here I was, thinking you wanted me to graft some new skin on your face so them horns wouldn't show, and all the time you was wanting me to do one of them phony surgery jobs, as nobody would know who you was!"

"And what's so damn funny about that?" Stephen Warner asked sourly.

Old Dr. Winston went on laughing and wiping the tears out of his eyes. "Why, you damn fool, you already had a phony job done on your face—a better job, for your purpose, than the finest specialist in the world could have done. Here. Take a look at that!"

He handed Warner the snapshot he had taken, before beginning the operation.

The snapshot was that of a face scared and twisted by fire until it bore no slightest resemblance to his own. His own reader wouldn't have recognized him with that face.



STUDY BY ENRIQUE

Roberts, struggle of human cargo, paid for his mistake in grief.

By OTTO REITZ



The Body in the Box

"WELL, damn my eyes!" said William Wells, chief officer of the steamship *Sharnbrook*.

The white-faced man in the cabin doorway was trembling violently. He had just told Wells an incredible story, and the chief officer, starting to his feet, had dropped his pipe in hurried amazement. There was a moment's silence. Then, not 24 all

convicted of his companion's death, Wells said sharply: "Come on deck, Roberts! We'll get to the bottom of this, or I'll know the reason why."

Charles Roberts began to cry.

He was a little man in early middle-age, and he cried like a baby, slowly, brokenly. The hot tears cut glimmering furrows down his cheeks and dripped suddenly of a grief he

couldn't understand. Wells pushed him to one side. He went into the passageway and clambered up the companion ladder to the *Sharnbrook's* half-deck. Roberts scrambled after him.

It was the afternoon of Monday, March 15, 1947. The *Sharnbrook*, its paddle-wheels churning laboriously through the sluggish reef, was two and a half days out of Lonsession on its regular Hans Strait crossing. It was bound for its home port of Sydney, by way of Melbourne, Eden and Twofold Bay, and the sun, which had been beating down all day with oven heat, was low on the horizon. For all that, the air was still warm, even a little oppressive.

Passengers stared with curiosity at the distressed Roberts. He had come ashore at Lonsession with his two small children, his luggage—a couple of heavy trunks—loaded on a wheelbarrow. He had watched the seamen stow the trunks in the after-hold, and at one stroke had cried out miserably: "Be careful of that box, whoever you do! Be careful, please." After that—or so they were to remember later—his behavior had been more than peevish strength, his words "sarcastic and disorderly."

Wells was a man of action.

By now he was at the after-hold, with Roberts, still sobbing bitterly, close at his heels. The hatch had been battened down at Lonsession on the previous Saturday, and, as a seaman tried it loose, an unpleasant odor came like a breath of doom from the twilight depths. Roberts let out a heart-broken cry. Curious onlookers began to gather. "Stand back!" Wells ordered.

A truss of hay had been dumped on top of the hatch, and now only subdued grunting at two seams, the rhythmic "clong, clong" of the paddle-wheels, disturbed the silence. They heaved the hay to the deck, and, impelled by a sense of urgency, Wells

clambered down on the ventilation of bags and boxes. He was rummaging feverishly among some flour bags close to the bulkhead when Roberts called out brokenly: "That's it sir, you're—you're standing on it!"

"God have mercy on you!" Wells muttered.

The trunk that Roberts had indicated was lifted from the hold. It was a narrow wooden box, not more than three feet in length and two feet six inches in height, and there was a space beneath the lid just sufficient for Wells to insert his fingers. He was forcing it open when Captain Gilmore, the ship's master, who had been summoned from the poop, pushed his way through the press of curious passengers. The news of tragedy had spread like fire through the steamer and excitement was at fever-pitch when the lid was suddenly lifted. Inside the box was the decomposed body of a woman.

She sat with her knees drawn close to her chin, her arms spread as though striving, even in her last sleep to force upward the mysterious lid. Apparently she had died on the Saturday night—a slow, agonizing death from suffocation. There had been four contributing factors—the battening down of the hatch, the inadequate air-holes in the box itself, the truss of hay that had prevented her opening the lid, and the heat of the steam jacket in the adjoining hold.

Roberts was not the only one crying now. Several women screamed hysterically, and, with faces averted, hurried from the scene. The face, glimpsed by them at that brief moment, had been twisted in an agony of fear.

Gilmore saw through stables upon the stifling blackness of the hold, heard the blindest venom of the stow, sensed in a despatch sent at way the incredible terror that, for a few brief hours, had haunted the

forgotten corner of the steamship Shamrock. The woman, quite obviously had entered the hold alive. A few days before, she had been a living vital being; then in the morning darkness, she had held unvolitional rendezvous with Death, fighting it—doe horns, maybe—with raffish acrobats and chewing finger nails. She had died in torment, a prisoner in a wooden box beneath a mass of hay. The thought oppressed Gilmore. Turning abruptly to his chief officer, he said: "Arrest that man, Mr. Wells!"

After that, he didn't waste much time.

Roberts, overcome by a grief that had leached the heart of the most hardened passenger, was placed under lock and key; thereafter the dead woman, wrapped in a shroud and appropriately weighted, went over the Shamrock's side to an unmarked grave. Gilmore closed his Bible on the burial service, and, without more ado, contrived himself a court of inquiry.

The woman, it was soon revealed, was Nancy Robinson Roberts—Roberts' wife and the mother of his two children. They had been known to Henry Smith, a Shamrock passenger, for many years, and, on the Friday before the tragedy, he had met them together in George Street, Leamington. They had laughed and joked with him in apparent "high good humour"; in fact, so far as he could recall, they had always been happy together.

The evidence fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle.

There was, first of all, the mysterious cry that had disturbed the woman, Richard Hathorley. The vessel had anchored at George Town, at the mouth of the Tamar River, early on Saturday evening. Several boxes had come aboard and Hathorley had been told to stow them in the after-hold. The hatch had been taken off.

"It was then I heard the cry,"

Hathorley plainly told the captain.

"It was very faint and, on first reckoning, it seemed to come from the hold itself. But there were no noisy children about, I thought. I must-a been mistaken."

"Plain fact of the matter, sir, I took no notice of it."

Gilmore glanced through his notes. No person named Nancy Robinson Roberts had been allotted a cabin at Leamington, and her presence aboard had not been suspected when, only that morning, the clearing officer at George Town had inspected the passengers for a final check-over. That was the background to the story. The rest was up to Roberts.

It was difficult to make sense out of him—his grief was so great. He was, he explained, a labouring man who could neither read nor write. Several years before he had married Nancy. And, as Henry Smith had already risted, they had found in their life together companionship and happiness.

But it had been a happiness overshadowed by the chain-gang and the whipping-post, the harsh brutality and enslavement of Australia's penal system. For Nancy Roberts had been a convict under sentence of transportation, and, despite the warnings that had given her two children and a measure of freedom, she had married a man to all her own.

She had been assigned to Roberts—convict girls in those days were nothing more than chattels! Then Roberts, very much in love, had married her, and in Leamington they had settled down to the hard-earned life of labouring people. Neighbours had come to know them as an industrious and thrifty couple.

Things might have gone on that way if Opportunity, with a capital "O," had not beckoned Roberts unexpectedly to the Australian mainland. What that Opportunity was the records do not show.



"He's getting married, but not to you. Now don't you I didn't break it gently."



That Nancy Roberts had been as excited as he at the prospects offering Lightningrod they had gathered together their weekly pennances, and, as a matter of routine, he had told the authorities of his future intentions. The official said, however, had left nothing to the imagination. He could go if he wished—he and his two children—but Nancy Roberts would have to stay.

He had pleaded and cajoled, but to no good purpose. Nancy Roberts, he was reminded, was an exempted convict. As such, she must remain within the jurisdiction of Van Dieman's Land, and, in no circumstances could permission be granted for her transfer to the mainland. At that stage, both Sydney and Port Phillip were in revolt against the transportation system, and even in remote outposts such as Geelong, inside criticism were denouncing the system of prison labor "either direct or indirect," as a danger to the material interests of the colony and something which "would exert the most blighting influence on the normal and social well-being of the community." So far as Nancy Roberts was concerned, there was no way out. That at least was what the authorities thought. Nancy Roberts had other ideas.

Her plan had been simple.

She would struggle aboard the Steamrock—a travelling trunk, release herself in the hold of the ship, and later on, with Roberts' backing, mingle with the other passengers. All she would have to do was to remain in hiding until the Steamrock left George Town. After that, the rest would be simple.

"There's madness in ye, Nancy. It



wer'n't be down," Roberts had protested vigorously.

In the end, Nancy herself had bought the ill-fated box. There had been others in the plot, but, on this point, the grief-stricken husband was adamant—he would not, in any circumstances, disclose their names. They had helped him bring the trunk aboard and had assisted in its stowage. Nancy had been alive then and just before they had stared her in the after-bell, he had spoken to her, their conversation a conspiracy of words without real significance. The one thing he had not mentioned for had been that train of hay.

"But 'twas all my fault, and, if ye don't mind, sir, I'll take the blame for it," Roberts told Gilmore. And, with equal stubbornness he refused to put his mark to the written statement of his statement.

Gilmore gave an expressive shrug.

"It's not going to help you, Roberts," he said sternly.

A few days later, the Steamrock came to anchor in Port Phillip. Roberts was taken ashore in custody, and on the following morning he appeared at the Police Court charged with being an accessory in covering a convict clandestinely from Van Dieman's Land, and with being an accessory to the death of a convict.

That was hot news, even a headlined item was. Reports from most of the Melbourne newspapers were on the spot, and the *Port Phillip Patriot*, under the heading "Dramatic Incident," sub-titled an account, "The Late Melancholy Case on Board the Steamrock." A wave of sympathy, aroused in that time and setting spread from the coast itself to the whole southern settlement. Even Syd-



ney sat up and took notice. Sydney was definitely in Roberts' corner.

Said the "Port Phillip Patriot,"

"The prisoner appeared deeply affected, sobbing bitterly throughout the examination and alternately kissing his two young children, by whom he was attended.

"He was reminded in order that

the depositions might be placed before the Crown Prosecutor for that officer to deal with as he might think proper. Prior to the discovery of the body, the poor fellow was observed to be in a dreadfully nervous and disordered condition."

After that, the story hung fire for a week, then a fortnight, while, according to reports, officialdom awaited action by the Van Dieman's Land authorities. But weeks later, nothing had happened and Roberts' next appearance before the Police Court passed almost unnoticed. Freshness had gone from the story, it had become a mere matter of routine reporting.

But it was obvious that the Law did not intend to deal harshly with him. In proceedings that lasted only a few minutes, he was released on bond of £40 to answer any charge that might be preferred against him. If such a charge ever became a reality, the newspaper files are silent on the subject.

The odds are that he settled down with his two children in Port Phillip, his new life on the Australian mainland overshadowed by the memory of a body in a box.

The records aren't very helpful.



Death

FOR A PENNY

Tolliver was a careful man with money—except other people's. That feeling was his downfall.

By MORRIS COOPER

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK SEALY

MIKE TOLLIVER still had the first penny he'd ever earned.

That had been when he was seven and the kid he had beaten up to get it was five. For a long time Mike had been afraid to spend it. But the beat-up little kid hadn't been sure who Mike was, and after a while Mike felt safe and secure with the penny hidden where no one would find it. When he had aged a few years and grown a little bolder, the penny became a sort of lucky piece.

By the time Mike was thirty he had lots of money. He liked the look and the feel of money, and he hated to spend any of it. He'd hang on for hours over the price of something he wanted. Over the roll top desk in his office was a framed motto: A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned.

Mike Tolliver was a fence. Not big time, because he was afraid to take too large a gamble, but enough money came in to make him happy.

The man who sat in his office now, facing Mike, couldn't keep his eyes still. They rolled around in their sockets like spinning marbles, and Mike began to feel nervous himself.

"Quit your worrying," Mike said. "There ain't nothing to be afraid of here."

"The cops," said the man. "I want to be out of town before they find me."

Mike rolled a cigarette carefully, a

last of paper spread on his desk to catch any falling tobacco crumbs. "Do you'll bother you here." He laughed contentedly. "They got their suspicions, but they can't never pin anything on me."

"Okay. Okay." The man started to crack his knuckles. "How much will you give me for the Gaffigan diamond?"

Mike put the hand-rolled cigarette in his mouth and touched a match to it. "When will you bring the stone?"

"I won't bring it. You'll have to come after it."

Mike Tolliver inhaled deeply. "What's the angle? Figure maybe on

catching me for the dough and then doing a fast fade-out with the diamond?"

"No." The man stood up. "Can't you see I've got the pitter? I don't intend to go roving around this town again. As soon as you bring the money, I'm going to beat it."

"I'll give you fifteen hundred for it," Mike said.

"Fifteen hundred?" The man looked at Mike. "It's worth a hundred grand."

Mike nodded his head. "On the open market, maybe. But I'll have to keep it till it cools off and then have it cut up."

For a long time he squirmed, until finally his struggles stopped. Even then Mike did not let go of the rock.



"You'll still get fifty grand out of the deal."

Mike nodded his head again, contentedly. "And you'll have fifteen hundred for a fast getaway."

The man looked at Mike. He spoke slowly. "You're a cut."

"You can always go to somebody else and try to peddle that rock," Mike suggested.

There was a better edge to the little man's voice. "There's nobody else will touch that stone right now, and you know it."

"You should have been more careful."

"But the way you see it. If I'd have left him alone, he'd have had the cops on my tail in an hour."

Mike dry-washed his chin. "So you left your prints instead. Smart boy."

The man started for the door. "I'm locked up at Barney's joint on River Street. The hot door on the right, first floor."

"I know the place," said Mike. "I want the dough in small notes. And no tricks."

"There won't be any. You know I wouldn't last long in this business if I pulled."

Mike rolled to him as he started to open the door. "You keep your mouth shut. I don't want anybody to know I'm mixed up in this. I'll see you around midnight."

Mike grinned to himself when the door closed. It looked like the start of a very profitable bit of business.

The hallway was dark and musty, but it wasn't the first time Mike had been in this particular house, and he walked over the threadbare carpet without hesitation. When he came to the last door on the right, he paused and listened for a moment. Then he knocked softly.

A soft, strong sound came through the panel, and then a hoarse whisper. "Who is it?"

"Mike. Open up."

He heard the scrape of the bolt,

and then the door edged open. The man stepped aside to let Mike enter.

The thin light from an uncovered bulb threw a yellow glare over the cheaply furnished room and left deep shadows in the corner.

"Did you bring the dough?"

"Let's see the stone," Mike's voice was eager. He brought out a wallet.

The man pulled a small wadded-up piece of newspaper from his pocket and opened it. Mike looked at his breath.

Even under the cheap light, the Gullagher diamond gleamed like a thing alive. He held out a hand.

"The dough first," snarled the man.

Mike handed over a sheaf of notes. His eyes drank in the beauty of the stone while the little man counted the money.

"What's the idea?" the man demanded. He held the notes in his hand. "There's only a grand here."

Mike nodded. "I took a risk coming down here."

"We agreed on fifteen hundred."

"I changed my mind!" The man shoved the handful of money at Mike. "The deal is off. Give me back that rock."

"Don't be foolish," said Mike. "A grand can take you a long way."

"It was supposed to be fifteen hundred." The man was stubborn. "Wait till the cops hear about this double-cross of yours. Your name'll be mud."

"You won't say anything."

"No?" The man stood squarely in front of Mike. "I'll yell till even the coppers can hear me."

Mike's hands closed tightly on the man's throat. For a long time he squeezed, until finally his struggles stopped. Even then, Mike did not let go at once.

When he did finally release his grip, the body slipped to the floor. Mike made certain he was dead, and then he picked up the full ten money.

A man was standing on the sidewalk when Mike left Barney's house



"Sounds like a good approach... How did she react to it?"

He started, and then he saw that it was a blind beggar.

Mike walked over and stood in front of the blind man. He waved his hands suddenly in front of the man's eyes but there wasn't even a flicker of motion. Startled, Mike started to turn, when the beggar said, "Boy a pencil, maybe?"

Mike started to speak, changed his mind. Blind men generally had good ears and he didn't want anyone remembering his voice. He fished around in his pocket and came up with a couple of pennies, which he dropped into the tin cup. He hesitated a moment, then took a pencil. It would save him buying one some time.

Mike slept in his office that night. He was still half asleep when the knock came on his door.

Sergeant Alver walked into Mike's office.

Mike grinned at him. "Kind of early for a social call, isn't it?"

"Then isn't a social call."

Mike sat at his desk and started to roll a cigarette.

"Society Opie was killed last night?"

"Yeah?" Mike struck a match.

"Strangled to death." Alver was poking around the office. "Where were you last night?"

Mike smiled. "What time?"

"Oh, any around midnight."

"There. Fast asleep."

Alver picked up Mike's coat and began emptying the pockets on the desk. "What time did you go to sleep?"

"I can't say for certain." Mike inhaled deeply. "But I didn't leave the office after ten o'clock."

Alver looked at Mike. "We'd find the Gallagher dead if it's here."

"So I'll take a nap for being a fence."

"It's not that simple," said Alver.

"Why not? And who says I got the rock?"

"I do." Alver felt around the desk. His searching fingers touched a knock

and a small drawer shot out.

Mike looked at him, and shrugged his shoulders. "You were lucky to find that drawer."

"Uh-huh. We've known about it for a long time. One of our stoges tapped us off."

Mike stood up. "Guess you've got me this time."

"Set down," Alver said. "There's no hurry."

Mike sat down.

"When did you get this stone?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

Alver shook his head. "We've got Ramsey down at headquarters. He says Opie showed it to him around eleven o'clock last night."

"He's nuts," said Mike.

"I don't think so."

Mike shut his mouth. "I won't say any more until I see my lawyer."

"Better get a good one."

Mike was silent.

"Opie told Ramsey you were coming to buy this stone."

Mike laughed. "You can't believe everything you hear. Let's get this over with. I'll take a chance on a stolen goods rap."

"It'll be a murder rap you'll have to beat."

Mike started to roll another cigarette. "My word's just as good as Ramsey's."

"We've got another witness. A blind man."

Mike looked up. "A blind man?"

Sergeant Alver held up the long yellow pencil he had taken from Mike's coat. He pointed to some thin lettering. Mike read the words Blind Sam.

"So what? I could've got that pencil last week or last month."

"No, Mike," Alver put the pencil in his pocket, and pulled out a pair of cuffs. "Blind Sam got those pencils about five years ago."

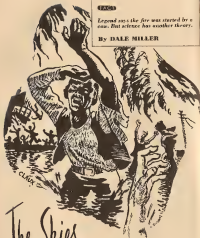
He clicked the cuffs on Mike's wrists.

"Last night was the first time anybody ever took a pencil from him."

GENERAL FICTION



"This book, 'The Art of Striptease' . . . the money drops coming up!"



(CLAY)

Legend says the fire was started by a cow. But science has another theory.

By DALE MILLER

The Skies

RAINED FIRE

THE Devos family had only recently moved into their new home on Alexis Street. They were proud of it. They had no way of knowing it would be the funeral pyre in which all of them would die in agony.

Devos, his wife, and their two sons sat down to dinner that night of October 3, 1911. One of the boys remarked on the high wind that had sprung up suddenly, that blustered outside the wooden walls of the house and had the rafters creaking

"A good breeze, then," Devos said. "It will take more than a high wind to shift her. We might lose a few shingles from the roof, but that's all."

Yes, the Devos were proud of their house. And the wind did not blow any shingles from the roof that night. Fate had something much worse in store for the unfortunate Devos.

Members of the family were halfway through their meal when they first heard the sound, an angry creaking sound, and then felt the blast of heat that simultaneously scorched their flesh and chilled their hearts. It was several moments before they realized that the roof of the house was on fire, and in those moments the walls flared into sudden flame.

Devos rushed to the door and tried to wrench it open, but already heat had twisted the frame and jammed the door so that there was no escape this way.

With the fear of death in her heart, Mrs. Devos did what many people have done in similar circumstances. She ran about the room, gathering in her sons' household goods of little value compared with the time she was wasting.

The sons used chairs to smash the windows. With their father, they seized the mother and pitched her out one of these openings, and started to scramble after her.

But the Devos family had been marked for death from the moment the first tongue of flame licked their shingled roofs. Their rush for safety was made too late. As if caught in a blast from hell, the house blazed and fell in a fiery heap, and the swift roar of flames overcame the screams of the doomed people.

The Devos were but four of the

two hundred and fifty people who died in Chicago that night of the great fire, their names but one of the hundreds that suddenly and for no reason burst into flames, one of the thousands burned to the ground as the fire spread.

The legend of that night of holocaust has laid the blame at the foot of Mrs. Putzack O'Leary's cow, who is supposed to have kicked over a lantern while the good lady was milking her.

Truth is that the cow seems to have had little to do with the great fire that burned Chicago.

Consider the account of the night, written by a Chicago fireman after the fire had wiped out a city, killed two hundred and fifty people, left one hundred thousand homeless, and caused seventy million pounds' worth of damage.

"The first thing we know that night, an alarm came in that O'Leary's barn was burning. That fire was soon under control. The next thing they came and told us that St. Paul's Church, about two squares north, was on fire. We checked that one, and then the next thing we know the fire was at Raitchen's playing mill. The thing just went on from there. Fires started and grew all over the city. Chicago was a city built mostly of wood, and it burned like tinder that October night of 1911."

That is the beginning of the end of the legend, quite apart from the natural question of what was Mrs. O'Leary doing, walking a cow by lantern light? The story dies completely when it is realized that the same night there were fires over seven of America's mid-western states, in some twenty towns and villages besides the city of Chicago. [Illness]

Because these communities were

small, the damage to property was less than in the more publicized Chicago fire, but the loss of human life at Peshtigo, Wisconsin, far surpassed, made the former affair seem like a crackler-ought battle. Over four times as many people were lost in the flames that destroyed Peshtigo as were lost in the city fire of the same night.

October 8 fell on a Sunday that year. Most of the two thousand citizens of Peshtigo were in their three hundred and fifty homes when the town caught fire. There had been a strange sky-glow during late afternoon. Then a sound like thunder was heard.

Next were out-of-town explosions of gas rising from the swamps around the town, and then the forests caught fire and the flames ran through the pines and, propelled by a fierce gale, razed the town. Houses exploded in flames. The inhabitants of Peshtigo ran for their lives, but less than a dozen of them were this race with death.

Those who had come through the first blast of heat ran for the river, leaving the town. The very air they breathed into strained lungs seemed on fire, and many fell and died of suffocation or of lung collapse.

Firemen, making futile attempts to fight the fire, found their hoses falling to ash in their hands, while water in the tanks turned to steam and the horses were killed, the fire machines burned to cinders. Few of these gallant men survived.

The river was filled with people, many of them badly burned but standing upright, many of them drowning dead in the water. Those who had fled from both sides of town to what they believed was the safety of a wooden bridge across the river found that the bridge turned to ash-

ing under their feet, dropping the struggling mass of humanity to the water below.

A crowd of refugees sheltering in a large brick building were at bricks in a hole, only that flesh cannot stand such a degree of heat as they were exposed to.

That was Peshtigo, Wisconsin, on the night of the Chicago fire. When dawn came the heat had faded enough to allow the survivors to come out from their places of refuge. Eleven hundred and fifty of the town's two thousand were dead, and the town no longer existed. All that remained was an expanse of black wasteland.

And this scene, in greater or lesser detail, was being more than duplicated in other parts of the American mid-west.

Forest fires swept across the entirety of the state of Michigan. Two of the state's largest towns suffered great damage and loss of life. The lumber centre of Manistowic was wiped out. The town of Holland was two-thirds destroyed and two hundred farms around the town reduced to bare, burnt-over earth.

Because of the wide spread of the fires over the state of Michigan, no real estimate of the loss has ever been compiled, but the deaths were up in the hundreds. Stretches of forest and of open country amounting to thousands of square miles were left bare, and many thousands of people were homeless.

In the state of Minnesota there were fifty dead, and again large tracts laid waste. Indians suffered no loss of life, but considerable damage to her forests and plains. Prairie fires swept the Dakota. Sections of Iowa burned as if a gigantic blowtorch had scoured them.

The summer spread of these fires



This will give you an idea of its size. My apartment is just four stories.

coming in seven states on the evening of the same day as the Chicago fire, gives the direct lie to the O'Leary's barn legend. No one cow could have started, no one lamp could have caused such widespread devastation.

The real cause remains on the many unsolved mysteries of the world of ours. But there is one theory to explain it, and this seems the most possible and likely solution to the problem.

If the theory is correct, then the heavens really did rain fire that fateful day.

Twenty-five years earlier a comet, named after its discoverer, Biela, had passed close to earth and had split an encircling earth's gravitational force. This comet, expected to re-appear around the year 1888, had failed to do so. It did appear late in 1812, after the fire but it was noted that the tail of the comet was missing.

One suggestion is that the gaseous tail was drifting through space and that the mid-western American section of earth came close enough to it to be affected, on the night of October 3, 1871.

Some men of science held other similar ideas. In a summary of possible causes, a newspaper of the time stated, "We have the statement of astronomers that there has been an explosion in the sun, and that several comets are in danger of losing their tails by their proximity to that orb."

So that whether from Biela's comet or some other, the consensus of scientific opinion was that this part of the earth's surface had come perilously close to such a gaseous tail. Spontaneous combustion from a mixture of gases had followed.

The point in favor of this theory is that wherever the fire struck there

were eyewitness reports of buildings suddenly exploding from within and then bursting into flames.

No ordinary degree of fire could have, as some of these did, melted huge blocks of building stone, showed blue and green columns as well as fire-red, or burned back against the pole that should have blown it in the opposite direction.

No ordinary fire would have killed the Pedgley man who was later found, his clothes whole and his body unmarked with sores in his pockets fused out of shape.

And what kind of fire would have, as happened in Chicago, melted into a solid mass the several hundred tons of pig-iron lapots piled on the bank of the river, several hundred yards from the nearest buildings?

On the Great Lakes that night steamer passengers saw islands up to a mile from the nearest shore suddenly run to flame. At Peabody a house was taken by the wind and lifted high into the air where it caught fire and fell, blazing.

In view of these facts, the cometary theory seems the most probable one. This being the case, the boldest right as easily have occurred at any other portion of the earth's surface, might as easily occur at some future time. The chances against this are large enough to be comforting, but they are chances.

Earth is a body in free space where other bodies move. And these other bodies sometimes go off the track. The warning that that the tail of a comet headed an entire region of the American continent one night cut that region upwards of two thousand lives, and caused the destruction of a great city, many towns, numerous villages and settlements.

October 3, 1871, was a bad night for some of the people on this planet.



"Do you suppose he plays requests?"

SLAY 'EM

with these



Lady's Hat: Horsehair with delicious woman's . . .

Women like a strong and silent man, they think he's intense . . .

Fishing is a relaxation entirely rewarded by lies in old clothes . . .

Communism: One who makes every time Stalin likes swell . . .

The moon exerts a great influence over both the tied and the untied . . .

Tip: Hover charge . . .

A man should be master in his own home or know the reason why. Married men usually know the reason why . . .

There are two periods in a man's life when he doesn't understand a woman—before marriage and after marriage . . .

Happiness is like your shadow, you can't get nearer by chasing it . . .

Speculating: The art of being dumb on all subjects but one . . .

There was the old man who considered that Leap Year was the time to make the bachelor's day . . .

Men still die with their boots on but they're usually on the accelerator . . .

Many people live alone and like it but most of them live alone and look at . . .

The moon's thing about advice is that it doesn't be taken . . .

Love conquers all things except poverty and the toothache . . .

Swing is dead. Thousands attend its funeral nightly . . .

An intelligence officer is a man with a code in his head . . .

As long as a woman can look ten years younger than her daughter she is perfectly satisfied . . .

DEVIL DOONE

ADVENTURE



The ADVENTURES of DEVIL DOONE

By R. Gordon Gold.

The WALL of death

DRAWN BY

H.R.T. HINDS

AFTER A SUCCESSFUL TRIP DOONE'S USED LAUNCH MAKES BACK FOR PORT WHEAT.



DEVIL JIM DOONE, GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER, BACK FROM THE NEW GUINEA JUNGLES, RELAXES, AMONG THE BIG ONES OFF PORT SHELTON, MOCCA OF BIG-GAME FISHERMEN



THE ENGINE SPLUTTERS AND BREAKS DOWN COMPLETELY. . .



HELL, DRY! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL BE STUCK FOR AWHILE!

RIGHT FALLS AS THE MEN WORK ON THE SPARKED ENGINE. THEN FROM OUT OF THE GLOOM APPEARS ANOTHER CRAFT. . . BLACKED OUT AND MYSTERIOUS



HOURS LATER, THE GUYPER GETS THE ENGINE GOING AND THE LAUNCH LIMPS INTO PORT. THE MYSTERY OF THE OTHER LAUNCH STILL UNOLDED



PUZZLING AT THE MYSTERY-CRAFT'S REFUSAL TO OFFER HELP, DEVIL DOONE THE ONLY EXPLANATION.



WELL, WHOEVER WAS RUNNING THAT BLACKED-OUT TUG LAST NIGHT WAS UP TO SOMETHING GRADY!

AS SUDDENLY AS IT CAME, THE ORANGE LAUNCH SPEEDS OFF WITH OUT EVEN OFFERING TO HELP



COME BACK! THEY'VE GONE! AND BLAST YE! CAN'T THEY COME BACK EVEN IF WE SEE WE'RE STUCK? FRIENDLY FOLK!

THERE WAS NO REASON FOR IT TO SPEED OFF LIKE THAT," SAYS DOONE NEXT MORNING. "DID YOU RECONSTRUCT HER SUFFER?"



COULDN'T BEEN ANYONE, DEVIL IT WAS TOO DARK TO SEE MUCH. HERE'S LUCK, ANYWAY!

LATER, STROLLING ON THE BEACH DOONE SAYS GRADY. . . VERY EASY TO LOOK AT!



DEVIL'S TECHNIQUE. DISPENSES WITH THE FORMALITIES AS THE GIRL REQUESTS TO LEAVE THE BEACH. AND SO MADELINE LONG MEETS... A SATANIC CHARACTER!



SOON, IN THE LOUNGE... I'M WORKING, DEVIL. IT'S NEARLY NOON AND MRS. STANDISH IS STILL ASLEEP... IT'S NOT LIKE HER TO SLEEP SO LATE!



THE OLD LADY LIES IN HER BED, WHITE, ROTTENLESS, AND FRIGHTENING!



RETURNING TO THE HOTEL, DOCKIN LEARNS THAT MADELINE IS SECRETARIAL TO MRS. STANDISH, A RICH OLD LADY IN PORT SLOUGH FOR HER NERVES.



MRS. LONG, THE MAID CANNOT AWAKEN MRS. STANDISH COULD YOU PLEASE COME UPSTAIRS AT ONCE?



DEVIL MAKES A SWIFT EXAMINATION... AND KNOWS THE WORST!



AFTER, MISS LONG, SAYS DETECTIVE HURD, YOU HEARD THE POLICE DOCTOR, SAY HE BELIEVED MRS. STANDISH DIED FROM AN OVERDOSE OF PHENOBARBITAL TABLETS. NOW... DO YOU KNOW OF ANY REASON WHY SHE SHOULD MISUSE?



TELL ME, MISS LONG... DO YOU KNOW WHY SHE COULDN'T TAKE TABLETS? DID SHE USE A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION OR NO SHE HAD... SOME OTHER SOURCE?



SOONER AND DETECTIVE HURD TRY A VISIT ON JAMES BOCKIE, CHEMIST.



NO, EXCEPT THAT SHE SUFFERED BADLY FROM NERVES THAT WERE WHY SHE HAD THOSE TABLETS



MADELINE SAYS THAT MRS. STANDISH HAD GOT A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION AT FIRST, BUT AFTERWARDS THE DOCTOR HAD REVOKED IT.



MEANWHILE, IN A DOCKSIDE DADA-ROOM...
"I TELL YOU NO GUY TAKE SHIPMENT
OF THAT HOT LOT, HAMBERS!" THE DEATH
OF THAT OLD WOMAN STIRRED UP A PALE
OF TROUBLE!" CRUEL CAPTAIN "HOMER"
"SERVICES... DOONE'S ABOUT, TOO!"



HAMBERS'S INSTRUCTIONS LEAVE NO
ROOM FOR TURNER ARGUMENT.

WOULD TAKE DELIVERY IN YOUR
LAUNCH, AN UNUSUAL...
"GOD... LORD...
AND TENDRILY
REMEMBER
THAT I'M
RENNING
THIS SHOW?"



SPIDER BODY IS WREGGLED DOWNS TO
OF DOCKS, FOR BEHOLD, AT MEA.....



WHILE DEVIL TAKES AN EVENING
STROLL BY THE SEASIDE, HAS BEEN
LEFT ON BY MORE OF HAMBERS'S GANG!



CRASH, BOSS... BUT DOONE AND ROSCOE
WILL HAVE TO SHUFF. ROSCOE KNOWS TOO
MUCH AND THE DOONE GUY COULD
STAY... ANYWAYS?



HAMBERS ANKERS THAT DOONE AND THE
LITTLE CRIMINAL ARE TOO DANGEROUS
TO GO ON LIVING. HE CHUCKLES.....

THEY'LL JUST...
"GAMMAH... TELL
THE BOYS TO
CONSIDER
IT?"



IN HIS ELEMENT, DOONE PUTS HAND AND
GREEN... AND THE FENCE BECOMES ATTACK.

I'M NOT SO KEEN ON STICKERS,
EITHER!



...AND THE "SMART" KILLERS BEAT A
PROGRAMMED RETREAT IN A WATERS-CAR!

I'LL GET THEM WERE
FROM THE DRAKS GANG,
BUT IT'S TAKIN' BAGS
I WANT!



LAUNDRY OF HIS DOCK, CHEMIST ROSCOE
SLEEPS SOUNDLY AT THE BACK OF HIS SHOP.



...AND PASSES SWIFTLY... AND QUARTLY
INTO THE LOWEST SLEEP OF ALL!



BUT THAT FRAMES OF THE C LITTLE TELLS DOONE
THAT IN VIEW OF ROSCOE'S DISAPPEARANCE
AND THE ATTACK ON DOONE, HIMSELF...
THE GANG MUST BE BASHED AT OR NEAR
THE DOCKS, IN PORT SHELTON.

THE DRUGS MUST
COME IN BY LAUNCH, FRAMMEY, IT'S
MY GUESS THAT THAT CAUT WE MET THE
NIGHT WE BASH DOWN MURTY'S BEEN
WAITING FOR THE DALLAL
CONTACT AND MESSAGE
OUR LAUNCH FOR IT.



FRAMME ASKS DEVIL TO PLAY A LONG
HAND AGAINST THE "SMUGGLERS!"

IF WE CLUMP THE BOSS
WITH COPS, IT'LL SHOW
OUR HANDS. YES, IT'S A
ONE-WAY JOB, AND
YOU'RE
THE
ONLY
ONE I
KNOW
WHO
COULD
HANDLE
IT?



SHOAL AND HAMBURG PUT OUT TO SEA IN SHOAL'S LAUNCH ON YET ANOTHER DRUGS RUN.



AT A CERTAIN TIME AND PLACE, THE MYSTERY LAUNCH APPEARS AGAIN MOVING UP TO CAPTAIN SHOAL'S CLUE.



DOONE AND MADELINE WATCH THE BASCALLY CAPTAIN'S LAUNCH RETURN FROM ITS MIDNIGHT RECONNOISSANCE.



DOONE IS RIGHT. UNOBSERVED, THEY WATCH THE BOAT DOCK AND ITS CARGO LOADED SWIFTLY INTO A WAITING VAN.



HAMBURG AND SHOAL DRIVE OFF, LITTLE KNOWING THAT DEVIL'S BIG CAR IS FOLLOWING AT A SAFE DISTANCE.



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN THE VAN TURNS SUDDENLY OFF THE ROAD AND JOINS THE TENTS AND CARAVANS OF A TRAVELLING CIRCUS.



"Hey! I've barked my shin again"

IT IS SO EASY TO STICK ON A BAND-AID — KEEPS GERMING OUT — WON'T RUB OFF EITHER

DON'T WORRY DEAR! BAND-AID WILL SOON FIX THAT!

KEEP BAND-AID ALWAYS. IT NEVER PAYS TO NEGLECT THE SMALLEST INJURY

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS

DEVIL RIVES OUT THE CIRCUS AND TURNS. HE TELLS THE GUY TO DRIVE BACK TO THE LOCAL POLICE STATION AND RE-SELECTIVE INSPECTOR FRAYNE.

TELL HIM WE'VE FOUND THE DISPROPORTION CENTER. WADLINE AND HURRY! I'LL SCOUT AROUND.

OK, DEVIL. BE CAREFUL, PLEASE!



SLEEPING INTO THE CIRCUS LOT. DOONE SEES FRAYNE AND HAMELBERG ENTER ONE OF THE CARRIAGES.

NO ONE BLAME ABOUT? I SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO A SPOT OF LISTENING-UP.



"DUTCH" KELLER, CIRCUS PROPRIETOR AND ILLEGAL DRUG-PEDDLER, GREETED THE TWO MEN ANDROUSLY.

AH, GENTLEMEN! YOU HAVE THE STUFF, NO? I HAVE BEEN WORRIED.

TAKE IT EASY, KELLER. IT'S SLOTTED IN THE VAN OUTSIDE.



INTENT ON LISTENING TO THE MEN IN THE CARRIAGE, DEVIL IS SURPRISED BY KELLER'S LION-TRAINER, ANTOINE LEFRESCH, WALKING ONE OF HIS BIG BEASTS BACK TO ITS CAGE?



DOONE HEARS THE MEN DISCUSS THE CIRCUS LIBRARY AND VARIOUS CONTACTS ON THE ROUTE WHO WILL DISPOSE OF THE DRUGS... WITHOUT PRESCRIPTION.



HERE IS A LIST OF THE TOWNS YOU WILL VISIT, KELLER, AND THE MEN YOU WILL CONTACT.

DOONE CELEBRATES, READY FOR BATTLE, BUT THE TERRIBLE THREAT OF THE LION HOLDS HIM MOTIONLESS...



BE STILL, M'HELL... OR I'LL UNLEASH MY LITTLE CAT!



THE BRAND
WITH A PEDIGREE

Sovereign Stats...
fit for a King

ANOTHER EXQUISITE TOP DOG PRODUCT

THE LION'S GRONLY BRING THE OTHERS FROM THE CARAVAN AS DOONE STANDS MENED BY THE SHARLING BEAST! IT LOOKS AS IF THE GAME IS UP!



YOU ARE UNLUCKY TONIGHT MY SON FOR YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THE PLACE ALIVE!



I HAVE AN EXCELLENT WAY OF AM ENTROPING YOU MY BEODLING FRIEND! YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE WALL OF DEATH? NO? MARCH!



DOONE IS ESCORTED TO A BIG MARQUEE ENCLOSED A HIGH CYLINDRICAL HALL. A "MORRISON ATTRACTION" USED BY A TRAM OF TRICK MOTOR-CYCLISTS.



YOU WILL BE PUT INTO THE "WALL OF DEATH" MARCH WITH LEFTSCOT'S LION!

FORCED INTO THE CIRCULAR PIT DOONE HAS ONLY SECONDS IN WHICH TO ACT. HE SEES A "SPEED-BIKE" LEFT FROM A PREVIOUS PERFORMANCE.



WITH A ROAR, THE LION BOUNDS INTO THE PIT, BUT DOONE, KICKING THE MOTOR-CYCLE INTO FULL-THROTTLED LIFE, HAS ALREADY STARTED A DIZZY ORBIT ROUND THE "WALL OF DEATH!"



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IN A HURRY OF GREED DEVIL FLASHES BOUND AND BOUND THE VERTICAL WALLS. WELL OUT OF REACH OF THE ENRAGED AND CONFUSED LION.



WELL, FROM THE TOP OF THE WALL, RAMBERG AND HIS MEN VAINLY TRY TO SHOOT HIM DOWN.
CURSE HIM! HE MOVES TOO FAST!



MADLINE HAS NOT BEEN IDLE. IN DOONES BAG CAR SHE LEADS A PARTY OF WELL ARMED POLICE TO THE CIRCUS!



RAMBERG MEETS HIS END AS HE TRIES TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE POLICE. WITH THEIR LEADER GONE...



... THE OTHERS SURRENDER. FRANK SEEMS OUT ANTONIO LEFOSCU.

SO IN AN GET THAT CAR OUT O THE PR LION-MAN... AND NO FLANNY STUFF OR YOU BOMBED IT SEE?

OH, BUT YES MINE! I DO AS YOU SAY!



AND SO DOONES IS RELEASED! HE GRAYS AT MADLINE

NICE GONING, KID? LET'S MAKE A DATE WITH A DRINK! WELL, I'VE JUST MET A LION, DEVIL, SO I MAY JUST AS WELL END UP WITH A WOLF!

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ED 14

MAN

on the rimrock

By GIFF CHESBIRE

Mace had a job to do: to save a hundred immigrants from death on the Oregon trail.

AT this hour the flaming sun scoured a ball resting on the cleanly ruled plane of the rimrock against a coppery sky. Because he was watching it, Mace Goodnight chanced to detect the man up there. He rode half a length behind Lovelace and the girl. When he gently lifted the rifle from his saddle bag, the man asked from behind a small rock and bound-

ed toward the steep break directly above him.

There was small protection on the high bluff-tops up there, and it was few shew of peace that denied Mace. He was a dead shot. Lifting the rifle, he aimed and fired. The man sprawled out flat on the table and did not rise. Lovelace's garter man, for he was a riding troubadour, seemed to sud-

denly. The three bones splintered nervously on the flat below the rim. Mace jumped his mount toward the foot of the table, leaped down and started climbing. He had dropped the rifle and his .44 was in his hand. Expecting a shot from above, he took what cover he could. There was no shot. He reached the top and now he had put in a lucky one. There was a crowd-in, bloody hole in the back of the man's matted head.

Mace lifted him, and, half stifling, carried him down to the flat. Lovelace and Nancy Harlow had swung down, and in the distance Mace could see the lifting dust of the emigrant train. There was a look of horror on the girl's face, and Val Lovelace stood at Mace with surprise and

"Too vicious, cold-blooded beast!" Nancy cried, in a hoarse voice.

sharp speculation stared in his deep brown eyes.

"Why, you shot him in cold blood!" Nancy Harlow gasped.

Mace had led the dead man on the sandy earth, and now he looked at him closely. The stiff face was young and whiskered. The glazed eyes were too glass-out, and it was a predator's stare. A man of the back trails, who had been spying on them. Mace swung his attention to the garter still slumped across Lovelace's broad chest. Sometimes Lovelace rode with it, strutting and striding in his rich baritone, and sometimes not.

"A white man with decent intentions wouldn't dicker behind a rock to watch us pass."

"You didn't even give him a chance to fight back!" Nancy cried. "Do you enjoy cold-blooded killing?"

Mace let out a breath that was



about a sigh. "Ma'am, he was trying to get away. In ten seconds more he would've made it. He didn't want a fight. He didn't figure to be seen, but when he was he had important business that told him to fight his chance. Ma'am, he's an outlaw, and your father's talked too much."

"How?" snapped Lovelace. "A cheap, vicious attempt to impress Nancy?"

"Maybe you better save your voice for your pretty singing," said Ma'am. It was a moment of deadly tension. "There's what you brought it along for, wasn't it?" That had to be it. The instrument was light as a feather, and would have been plainly visible from the rim. It could have spoken volumes to this dead man. Ma'am had grabbed everything and killed the man because he believed it had.

For an instant Val Lovelace hung in indecision, dark things working behind the mask of his deathfully amiable eyes. He was nearly as tall as Ma'am and a little broader. He had a soft-featured, classic handsome face, a wealth of soft wavy brown hair always sleekly combed so that its handsome dips were best displayed. He gave Ma'am a sharp appraisal and, without help, Nancy to mount. He swung on to his own horse, and they left toward the west on a stretched-out rim.

With no audience, Ma'am let out a real sigh. He had learned to hate killing in the war, but there were times when it was a necessity. For several days now the midwest trail, so clearly dominated by the porous Vincent Marlow, had been following the Central Oregon Highway Trail, across the endless rolling desert. It was pointed now toward deeply rugged Crooked River and Ramsey Prince's new settlement a day's travel beyond, before the evening across the new route over the high Canada range.

A man driven by vanity, Vincent

Marlow had warned Ma'am ever since he joined the team east of Grand Island. His clothes and expensive outfit proclaimed him for a rich man, and his loose talk made it doubly certain that nobody missed the fact. In evening songs or small talk on the trail, he liked to terrify himself a capitalist. The Oregon Country needed a man of his cut, he implied. Then with the loosest way he displayed his single hands told any thinking man that he carried considerable wealth with him.

Twice More Goodright had spoken a warning, and twice had been put in his place with a bright stare. That alone had bothered Ma'am little. It was Val Lovelace who had lost the attention urgency.

It was a strange thing for a man to embrace twice to the far West. Ma'am believed that Lovelace did not recall their other meeting at the settling station Ma'am had been visiting in Nebraska territory since the war. Being a man who rarely forgot the features and manner and small accommodations of another, he was certain he had seen Lovelace with another party the season before. It was conceivable that a man could find reason for returning east then heading out again, but Lovelace steadily insisted that it was his first time out.

Not until he had spotted that man, now dead, hidden high on the mountain had Ma'am seen through it with compelling clarity. He recalled now that Lovelace had swirled in the saddle, making the gutter clearly visible to the top, turning back again a few seconds before Ma'am had lifted his rifle. Ma'am knew it had been a signal. The charming, ingenuitous Lovelace was making it a practice to attach himself to tribes in which he sought plunder.

He had children spotted in wild reaches such as this, and his gutter-plying in the saddle had been his means of identifying himself to them.

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5. . . . and it's very economical.

**FOR A CLOSER, CLEANER,
SMOOTHER
SHAVE**



1947-1948

and conveying the information that the train was safe for their passage, that he would be waiting for them and clearing his path.

Moss mounted and, from the added elevation, saw that the wagons were drawing nearer. He would have to borrow a shovel from one of the farmers in the town and bury the dead dog. At this advanced stage of western civilization, trails were well established, and no grades were required. It was like Vincent Harlow to have more capable men elect him town captain. If he reacted as his daughter had, and Moss Goodnight was going to be in an uncomfortable position.

Moss felt to meet the slow-moving train, for the first time questioning the wisdom of his decision to move west. Yet he was an eternally restless nature, and he was no stranger to the position. When he was fifteen he had lost both his parents in a single epidemic. For many years his Uncle Jake Goodnight had dragged in the Rockies, from the headwaters of the Missouri down to Santa Fe. Through the industry had been developing rapidly since the early forties. Jake had kept on because he knew no other trade.

He had taken his nephew, and Moss Goodnight had grown up in the ways of the wilderness and frontier. Then had come the war between the states and Moss, at twenty, had enlisted in the Union Army. When he returned, he had found that Jake Goodnight was dead. Moss had moved out on the trail, then, and for three years had run a refilling station for the thousands of wagons on the Overland. He had prospered, but wilderness had grown in him again and, getting an unexpected chance to sell out, he had accepted and joined the next passenger train for Oregon. It had been this one.

Three men rode out ahead of the train and so they approached, Moss

saw it was Lovelace again, with Vincent Harlow and Colby Trunk, a doctor and silent farmer. He saw from his manner that Harlow was excited. Moss rolled a smoke and waited, annoyance turning him pretty.

"What's this, Goodnight?" Harlow shouted, as they rode up. "What's this I hear about you shooting some man?"

"You seem to have it clear enough," snapped Moss. "I shot a man."

"But why? Just because some fellow happens to look at you, you kill him? An outright criminal act, and I won't tolerate it in my trails."

"What do you figure to do?" asked Moss, lighting cigarette smoke drift out of his mouth with the words.

"We're going to try you and we're going to hang you, Goodnight," said Val Lovelace.

Moss shrugged. "I'm being brother tried and hanged by the laws of you, 'Vincent Harlow,'" he said calmly. "You show-off fool, you're in danger. From your smooth pit, there, Val Lovelace. And the man I killed isn't the only one he's got up yourder. They'll be watching your outfit close now. Somewhere Lovelace'll get his message across. If you want to clear house, Harlow, there's where you ought to start."

Moss turned his horse deliberately and rode on toward the train. He got a shovel and returned to the dead man and buried him in the deep-wagon train pulled past. From the curious stories he knew that the news had spread throughout the length, though nobody turned off the trail toward where Moss worked.

Moss finished the distasteful job and let the train pull far ahead. A reasonable man would pull out right now, he told himself.

If he stayed he would have to kill Val Lovelace, be killed by him or weather a probable outlaw attack. His convictions in that regard were only heightened. It was not Harlow



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Harlow, who even yet could not let his heart pass that, that obstructed decision. There were a hundred people in the train beside the Harlow, who would become the innocent victims of an attack. Doggedly Mass mounted and turned after the train.

Mass delved behind the train for the rest of the afternoon, making his plans. He did not propose to leave Lovelace with the initiative, but saw no way of seeing it from him. Lovelace's without crew would stay under cover until the sign gave him. The man would appear wholly harmless, feebly nervous, until he felt the moment was right again. And it would be dead easy, for it was plain that Vincent Harlow trusted the man implicitly.

Yet Mass felt there was a hope that by moving quietly he could get a few of the more nervous men in the group to listen to him, and be persuaded to be on guard.

Harlow had halted the train at a point where the trail touched and skirted a creek. When Mass rode in, the men were unbracing harness and鞍, with women and children busily unloading camping equipment. He felt their hostility instantly. Mass loosed his pack horses and led them boldly through the camp. He selected a site a few hundred yards above the uppermost wagon for his own camp.

By the time he had fixed and eaten his supper and cleaned up afterward, night had come on. If Lovelace hoped to drum up a mask trial and burglary, no move was made in that direction. Mass watched the assembling stars in worried thought. This terrain was like so much of the rest, open and rolling, broken frequently by great rock out-crops. A warm, sweet breeze rippled across the sage and cherries. There was one scarp beyond the creek about a mile away. It struck him that Vol Lovelace had probably suggested this camp site.

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He gave signs of footstep and straightened up, hand on the grip of his gun. He saw then that it was Nancy Harlow, moving through the night toward his fire. He had anticipated, once the women and youngsters were in bed, to call a few picked men beyond curtain and talk to them. He hadn't included Nancy in the group.

She stepped into the flashlight and moved beyond him before she stepped. Then she turned. She kept her voice low. "Mase, father told me what you said about Val Lovelace. I know my father is far too much of a show-off and—well, I'd like to hear what you have that opinion on."

He let his gun stay over her slim body, then he lifted his eyes to meet hers. "In the first place, the man has when he claims he's never been out here before. I saw him last year." Is the second—

"There is no second, Goodnight!" a sharp voice said, behind him. "We figured you'd be dangerous to take, fellow. Unstable that gun built and drop it and turn around!" It was Val Lovelace.

The first of triumph in Nancy Harlow's eyes told Mase he had let himself be trapped like a fool. Distracted by a woman's chance, while Val Lovelace had sneaked up behind him. He recalled now how she had stopped just him, so as to turn his back toward the moon camp. She talk had covered Lovelace's steps as he came the short distance from the closest wagon, behind Mase's back.

She deserved the advantage Mase took of her now. Inexpertized, she had not moved, and the three of them were on a line. In this position, Lovelace could not fire at Mase without endangering her. Aware of this, Mase spun, shoving himself aside as his hand slipped at his gun.

Though thrown off stride, Lovelace was doubly alert. He waited till Mase was out of line with Nancy, then

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PLEASE"



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REMARKS:
DISPOSITION:
 (Working File No. 100-100000) (1/14/94)

feed, and Mann put on some to close to the shot that the two scored one. It was Val Lawrence who bent straightly, rocketed, then pitched to the ground.

"You vicious, cold-blooded beast!"
Nancy cried in a horrified voice.

"He's not dead, man, but he'll have a good belly for a few weeks if he lives!" Mike stopped forward quickly and picked up the gun Lovell had dropped.

"Shoot me!" said Nanny, in an outpour of disgust. "I lent myself to this so as not to endanger the camp. If you must have human blood to be happy, kill me now!"

"Where, did your pretty month," said Mero. He did not like shoe-fine either, but it had been unavoidable. "Wing back down the line, Nancy I'm going to prove once and for all what blasted little you've all been."

She stayed and he saw at a glance that she was genuinely terrified of him. Men had come running and now they formed a circle around Mace and the girl. Mace felt their aggression and his own isolation. He knew that pleasure would accomplish nothing. He had to demonstrate, to build up a big play on what was only a powerful hunch. If he was wrong, had been wrong all along— He shrugged. Years before he had learned that men on the frontier had to rely on his instinct, which so often told him more than his outward senses.

His gaze picked up Vincent Barker and settled there. The man had been shaken by the development, as much of the bluster was gone from him.

"Heilaf" Mac called, "are
Lowman's suggestions you make on
Sept 10?"

"Why, yes. Why not? It's a real place."

More ignored him after that, turning his attention to more recent MB members, though less experienced.

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the ways of the West. "What I did this afternoon I had to do. What I did tonight, I had to do, too. The rest of Lovelace's misfire on that rain yesterday waiting that camp. When it's asleep they'll hit it, shoot it up some, and try to get Marlow's money. That is, they will if they get the signal from Lovelace. I'm going to give you that signal!"

"If you're right," blurted Marlow, "why should we make attacks?"

"Now 'on out, Marlow!" a man responded. "That damned he killed this afternoon's warned me. In this country a white don't spy on a white unless he wants to get shot at. I got a wife and kids in this outfit. You been shooting off your big mouth ever since the Big Muddy. That Lovelace never did look right to me. Slicker, kind of. What you got in mind, Goodnight?"

"I'm going to take Lovelace's house and goods and hat and side over there. I want Vincent Marlow to go with me. And I want the rest of you men to keep on your toes here on case something slips."

Marlow's bluster returned. "I'll go with you. But it's an idiotic idea."

Fifteen minutes later the pair forded the creek and splashed up on the far side. Belling men plain lay between them and the rim, and the obscured moon scarcely cast a shadow. Moon Goodnight had never shown Marlow, but he was somewhat visible on a pactor, himself. He rode with it started across his chest as had been Lovelace's habit, his fingers obediently returning the strength he had left in a startled grasp behind, with Val Lovelace under guard.

Though he felt responsible for Vincent Marlow, his anger against the man was a cold thing. Marlow had a lesson to learn, if he was to survive in this country.

They came in under the nearest arrangement, riding its length, then back again, and so they travelled



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GUARANTEED
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Manhood and
Fertility

Moet plucked out the lone Lovelace had been playing that afternoon. He knew that they had been seen and he hoped they would think he was Lovelace.

They rode back to their starting point at the base of the rim, and Moet saw that Harlow had sunk down in the saddle. It gave him great amusement. He wheeled his horse as riders came through the darkness, where a long detour slope led down from a small break in the rim. He dropped the guitar to the ground, whispered, "Ready?" and pulled his gun.

He let them reach the flat, a hundred yards to the left, where they drew into more darkest shapes. When a soft voice called, "That you, Val?" he lifted his gun, and fired.

Somebody cried, "He'll, it's a trap!" and followed it with an explosive curse of frustration. Moet's first shot lifted a man out of saddle, and the riderless horse cut across the open. There were three more shots, and man more than Moet had flung on Lead was whistling around them suddenly, gunpowder exploding in the desert night. He snatched another saddle in the next second in which Lovelace's hat left his head.

He rose to his surprise that Harlow had rode into the light and was shooting, though probably with little effect.

The two remaining riders charged them, then, puma Maestri a patchwork of red streaks in the night. Moet's own foaling was one of surprise rather than pain, when he left the saddle, landing shoulders first in the dirt as horses pelted over him. Many a horse still had taught him the trick of landing lightly, and he scrambled immediately to his feet. Harlow was standing in the stirrups now, on open target, but shooting like mad. A rider threw up his arms and pitched from his horse. Moet poked off the other.

All but one of them was dead, and that one was badly hit. Even under Moet's threatening gun this last one insisted that this had been the site of the wild lunch. Dying and howling, he submitted in Harlow's hearing that Val Lovelace had been their leader. They brought this man back to camp to spread hands the still unconscious Lovelace.

In the freight, Moet saw for the first time that blood was running down the side of Vincent Harlow's head. His own left shoulder was paralyzed, and there was work for the skilled fingers of one of the women.

Yet natural attention seemed to be the hardest thing from Harlow's thoughts. He let a thoughtful gaze travel around the group of watchers and finally settle on Moet Goodnight.

"I played the fool," he said finally. Moet liked a man who could admit that. "The funny thing is, I'm not really the biggest I like to make out. A show-off. Probably some of you others have more with you to attract an outlaw gang than I have. And it seems that Val Lovelace played the fool, too. I apologise to you people. I endangered you without realising it. I hope you can forgive me."

Moet then turned them toward the woman who was waiting with a pan of hot water and bandages. It was Nancy Harlow, and her face was grave. He stripped off his shirt and gritted his teeth while she did the chore. It was an expert job. When it was finished, she looked up at him.

"Moet, he's not the only one. I'm so terribly ashamed. I hope you'll take this train on thought, and not think too harshly of us."

He glanced at her. "Nancy, I don't plan to do any more thardest about it. I've got some more to make to you on Lovelace's guitar, if I didn't get smothered up. I've got some real talking to do, and that's the way to do it."

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

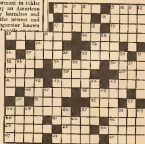
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150



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| 1 | Stroke | 21 | Scud | 64 | Stalk |
| 2 | Foreign | 23 | Edge | 65 | Performed |
| 3 | Chisel | 25 | Shrimp | 67 | Sturdy |
| 4 | Warder | 26 | Spirit | 68 | Yard |
| 5 | Dish | 28 | Group of three | 69 | Play |
| 7 | Elbow | 30 | Remains | 71 | Ladies |
| 8 | Teat | 33 | Teas | 72 | Carpet |
| 9 | Amber | 34 | Cre | 73 | Adapt |
| 10 | Rein | 35 | Open | 74 | Check |
| 11 | Shove | 37 | Ward | 77 | For all time |
| 12 | Scum | 38 | Number | 80 | Wood |
| 13 | Equity | 40 | Proceeds | 81 | Person |

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SPIDER'S WEB



BY how many routes can the spider go around the web, from S to B along the lines shown, without at any stage coming back directly toward S?

OUT OF THE WOODS
A MAN has a dog that is gun shy and back of his house is a woods 100 feet deep. Every time the man fires his gun the dog runs half way into the woods. If the distance from the edge of the woods is one-fourth of the depth of the woods, how far is the dog from the house after the man fires one shot and the dog stops running?

SPEED HOG
A MAN drives from New York to Philadelphia, a distance of 40 miles. For the first 40 miles he travels at the average rate of 20 m.p.h. How fast must he travel over the remaining 40 miles in order to average 40 m.p.h. for the entire trip?

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